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THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SUN

"THE PRIVATE DIALECT OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES" BY ANTHONY BURGESS

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JUNE, 1968

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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PENN

COVER: Fashion as a beauty treatment—bright red worn with a suntan. Here, in the clearest, cleanest red, a sleeveless cotton piqué dress with wide bands of Indian-brilliant embroidery. The other brilliant number, new this summer, Christian Dior's #67, a creamy pink lipstick laced with beige—another colour that makes the most of a marvellous tan. Dress by Eloise Curtis for David Styne. Lurex embroidery. About $70. At Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Sant' Angelo ear and hair ornaments, at Bonwit Teller. Hugh Harrison coiffure.

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NEW HOPE FOR DIET DROPOUTS

By Sally Sheppard

Despair is a strong word but it pretty well sums up my mental outlook after two years of trying unsuccessfully to lose weight. Like many other people living in this affluent society trying to control the waistline while partaking of the good life, I had to conclude that I was fighting a losing battle.

Obviously drastic steps had to be taken when I observed that in two years I had gone from a size ten to a sixteen—all five feet of me. My resolve was triggered when a young man referred to me, within earshot, as a "cute little butterball." That did it.

A few days later I appeared in my doctor's office belligerently demanding that he do something. That day the scales registered 140 pounds. Promising to cooperate to the fullest, I left the doctor's office armed with a diet sheet and a prescription for a mild appetite depressant aimed at making my cooperation less painful.

Sticking to the diet was not too difficult—it even included one drink a day. However, at the end of three weeks I had lost only three pounds. Only twenty-seven pounds to go to reach my ultimate goal of 110 pounds! I had to admit that however much I wanted to achieve my objective my self control had its limits.

The most disheartening fact was that this was not the first time I had tried dieting. In truth, for the past two years I had become something of a diet buff. I had tried crash diets, low-carbohydrate diets, near-starvation, commercial measured-calorie diets—you name it, I tried them all. Admittedly, on several occasions I had indeed lost as many as ten pounds. However, once I had resumed normal eating I gained it all back in no time. Surely there must be some way to take it off and keep it off.

When I checked in with my doctor he literally threw up his hands and admitted he was stumped. At that point he said, "My only advice is, try anything that works and won't impair your health. Frankly I don't know what will work."

Finally I had to admit to a decided lack of character or at least the lack of ability to maintain a prolonged régime. I needed to find some way to subject myself to outside discipline; a kind of discipline which one overworked internist could not possibly devote to a single patient.

The answer came one morning with the flick of a television dial. I watched with some skepticism as the actress Peggy Cass showed off her new silhouette. Twenty-six pounds in 23 days. Not bad! It was almost *too* good. The most encouraging facet of Miss Cass's experience was the fact that more than a month after completing her course of treatment she had not gained a pound.

The next day I called the Kennedy Clinic, 36½ East 75th Street, New York City, to learn more about the seemingly miraculous method Miss Cass had described.

Mrs. Jean Gerrity, co-director of the clinic with Mrs. Shirley Kennedy, explained the procedure. I would report to the clinic Monday through Saturday mornings between the hours of nine and twelve thirty. Each day I would be given an injection of the hormone, chorionic gonadotropin (HCG), and two neatly packaged meals totalling 500 calories. The cost of the treatment including medical supervision, injections and food would be $400 for 23 days or $600 for a 40-day course.

After checking with my own physician who assured me there was no physical danger I made an appointment for the following Monday. My doctor's attitude was, "If it works, great!"

Monday morning I reported to the clinic, an attractive garden apartment where a log fire burned brightly. The large waiting room was decorated in modified baroque. The chairs and long leather couch were comfortable and the tables provided ample reading material.

Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Gerrity, both crisply attired in freshly starched white lab coats greeted me with warmth and friendliness. The clinic, they told me, was opened in New York in February of 1963.

Mrs. Kennedy, vivacious, dark-eyed, and slender (obviously), told me she opened the clinic after she had taken the treatment in Rome under the supervision of Dr. A. T. W. Simeons, a British endocrinologist who pioneered the treatment. Looking at Mrs. Kennedy it was difficult to conceive that she had ever had a weight problem. Mrs. Gerrity, a native of Northern Ireland, is a tall, slender, dark-eyed brunette—a classic Irish charmer.

After Mrs. Kennedy's success in Rome, the two women decided to open the New York clinic in partnership but with one major difference from the Simeons Clinic. In Rome, an out-of-town patient must attend on an in-patient basis while out-patients living in the city prepare their own food. Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Gerrity reasoned correctly that the only hope for real success was to provide the food, thereby exercising complete control over the caloric intake of clients. Nothing would be left to chance. They also decided that a diet of 500 calories a day, if it were not to become a deadly bore, must be prepared with flair and a certain deliciousness. To achieve this they engaged two cooks of remarkable talent.

After this brief historical résumé of the clinic I was introduced to the consulting physician. In the examining room the

(Continued on page 22)

THE SIGNATURE TELLS THE STORY

Herbert Levy

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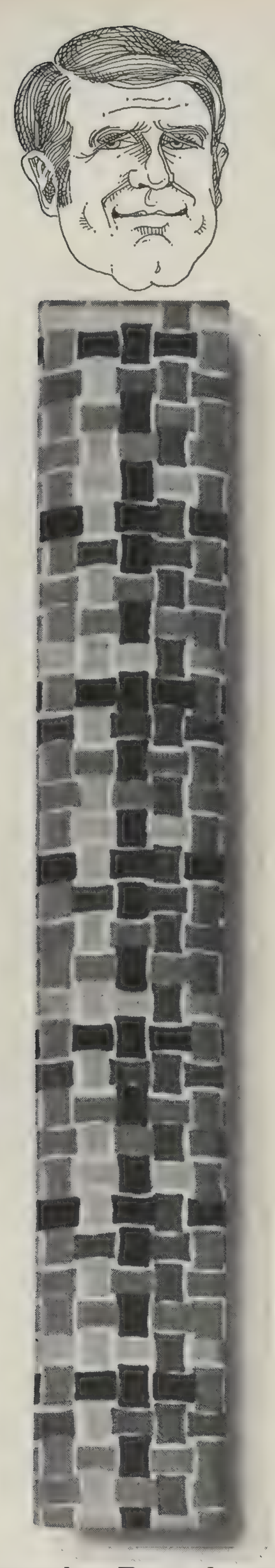
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If sensitive skin has put you in the shade each summer, this is the year Estée Lauder finally lets you emerge. Her new Ultra-Violet Screening Creme allows you to enjoy the sun while giving your skin maximum protection. Smoothed on alone or under Estée Lauder make-up, a fine veil of this cool-looking pale blue cream completely screens out the sun's harmful rays and moisturizes your skin to prevent drying. Take the sun instead of taking a vacation from it—with Estée Lauder's effective sun-tamer in a tube, Ultra-Violet Screening Creme. $5.00

Estée Lauder

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Rooster People are paternal optimists.

They rise early on Fathers Day, hoping for the best.

rooster

At very good stores, $3. and $4.

Diet Dropouts

(Continued from page 18)

doctor carefully recorded my complete medical history. Then I was given a thorough physical examination and finally weighed —stripped. There it was—incontestable—150 pounds. My bathroom scale was six pounds light!

During my discussion with the doctor—and he has that enviable manner of making a patient feel he has all the time in the world to talk—he confirmed what my personal physician had said: that in fact there is still a great deal that the medical profession does not know about the problem of obesity. We all have friends who lead normally active lives, eat and drink with abandon yet never change their weight from year to year. Still others, equally or more active, appear to eat sensibly, drink moderately, and fight the continual battle of weight gain. Something obviously doesn't add up. But no one has yet been able to say positively where the faulty addition lies.

The doctor explained briefly the Simeons theory of why this system works. After many years of research Dr. Simeons has come up with a premise which he frankly admits is "not as yet confirmed by clear-cut laboratory experiments."

Dr. Simeons believes it possible that the diencephalon, a primitive part of the brain which we share in common with all other vertebrates, is the mechanism which controls the complex operation of storing and issuing fuel to the body.

In simple lay terms, Dr. Simeons believes that the daily injections of HCG trigger the diencephalic centre to activity, thereby releasing the stored body fat to be burned off as body fuel. For this reason a patient is able to lose the unwanted excess inches on hips, legs, arms, and thighs.

He assured me that in his more than three years of experience with the Simeons method he had observed outstanding success with cooperative patients and no harmful side effects.

The first day I was given my first daily injection of 125 international units of chorionic gonadotropin (HCG). Then I was admonished to eat all I possibly could—fats and carbohydrates especially—until Wednesday when I would receive my third injection.

Dr. Simeons maintains that "One can not keep a patient comfortably on 500 calories unless his normal fat reserves are reasonably well stocked. . . . It is a fundamental mistake to put a patient on 500 calories as soon as the injections are started, as it seems to take about three injections before abnormally deposited fat begins to circulate and thus become available."

At this point it might be well to state that one does not need to be grossly overweight to take the treatment. If, for instance, one reaches a desired weight loss before the 23 injections are completed then more calories are added to the daily diet. However, a minimum of 23 injections must be taken because Dr. Simeons believes that if the injections are stopped prematurely it will be impossible to maintain the weight loss once normal eating is resumed.

I began my two-and-a-half day eating orgy with lunch—an enormous pizza preceded by two very dry Martinis. As an afternoon snack I downed a double chocolate soda. Dinner consisted of spaghetti with plenty of butter and garlic, French bread and butter, salad with oil and vinegar dressing, ice cream and, to top it off, a brandy.

Tuesday I reported to the clinic for my second injection and weight check—after a healthy breakfast of bacon and eggs. No weight gain—no loss either.

I invited a friend to lunch. After all who wants to eat like a pig in solitude? We went to a Chinese restaurant as I reasoned that fried rice, sweet and sour pork, egg rolls preceded by a drink was what the doctor ordered. By the end of the meal

(Continued on page 32)



GENTLE WOMEN WILL FIND BRUCE ARNOLD KNITS AT THESE CELEBRATED STORES:

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Birmingham, Ala., Kessler's
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Braddock, Pa., Jaison's
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Charlotte, N.C., The Vogue
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Cleveland, Ohio, Bernard H. Freed
Columbus, Ohio, Madison's
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Norwich, N.Y., Carol Ann
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For years now Bruce Arnold has shied away from notoriety
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of gentle women for whom clothing must have exquisite reserve.
Such excellence cannot forever be kept a private matter. And now Bruce Arnold
knits may be celebrated by a still larger circle.

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Of 100% wool, double knit, are these two from Bruce Arnold's collection. Left: jacket dress. Ivory/royal trim, black/ivory trim or brown/ivory trim. About $115. 6 to 18. Right: one piece dress. Black/ivory or brown/ivory. About $75. 6 to 16. Available at these stores and their branches: FRANKLIN SIMON & CO., New York City; MARTIN'S, Brooklyn; RALEIGH HABERDASHER, INC., Washington, D.C.; THE EMPORIUM, San Francisco, California; SANDRA POST OF FLORIDA, Bal Harbour, Florida; FOLEY'S, Houston, Texas; or, for store nearest you, see listing on facing page. BRUCE ARNOLD, A Division of Michele Dorian, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.



For your father.

For your children's father.

Do unto fathers as you would have fathers do unto you.



This is a picture I took of myself. Nobody would snap the camera from disgust.



Guess who? Everyone in Astoria worships me.

Even my mother avoided me until I discovered Paraphernalia.

By Rhonda Portenoy—as told to Paul Young.

It didn't make any difference whether there was a sit-in at Tompkins Square, or a rumble at the Sheep Meadow in Central Park, or breakfast in the breakfast nook—no one wanted me. I felt so left out, I would hang around my mother's kitchen for days on end, taking out my aggressions by scratching up the family teflon.

I tried to blame everyone but myself. My mother's people were inherently oversloppy, so I insisted it was my genes that caused my intolerable lack of style. But deep down inside I knew I was a mess for mess' sake.

I would leave the curlers in my hair for days on end until I learned to sleep on large rollers. Or I'd put on a particularly ugly dress and surprise my mother in the hall, where she'd blanch from abhorrence.

Finally my mother took me to a strict Freudian analyst who said I was hopeless. I became so enamoured of my doctor that my tendency toward messiness became multifold; that way I would never have to leave him. Once, after 8 years of deep analysis, I entered his office with my stockings hanging over my scuffed saddle shoes, my sweater set absolutely covered with odd Rorschach-like spots and he sent me to a Jungian.

At school I was always seated in the back of the room, regardless of alphabetical order. Teachers gave me errands and passing grades just to get me out of their classes. My fellow classmates sneered at me when I was a freshman, hissed at me when I was a sophomore, and then just accepted me as the most disgusting senior on campus.

Life was becoming so unbearable that I thought I would simply withdraw from the world.

Then I started hearing about Paraphernalia®. First it was just a strange-sounding word that popped up in the in-crowd's conversations I was always left out of. Later, I overheard a meditation between the most devastating girl on campus and her Guru. She said she got all her Zen outfits from Paraphernalia. I further learned Paraphernalia sold clothes and jewelry and shoes and everything designed by America's most brilliant young fashion talents.

I figured, what could I lose but me! So I went to Paraphernalia and bought everything in sight. I started saying clever things like, "I love the Thirties". I took the curlers out of my hair and, what do you know, it was crazy and very much in style. I went back to Paraphernalia day after day. The metamorphosis of my looks and personality happened like a volcanic eruption. I quickly met boys with long hair who said things like "Hello" and "Goodbye" for the first time in my life. Then they started asking me out. Yes, OUT! I left my mother's kitchen and dipped into the wild, beautiful world of mini and midi and mod and maxi. I learned to live with publicity and hypocrisy and corruption and bizarre cruelty with humor and humanity.

I can't really promise that other girls who are big losers will win a new life from the great clothes and people at Paraphernalia like I did, but believe me when I say I'm on top of the heap at last.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

Before		After
4′ 3″	Height	5′ 8″
142 pounds	Weight	110 pounds
42″	Bust	22″
38″	Waist	22″
44″	Hips	22″
16	Dress	8
0	Calls	128 per week

Max Factor Makes The Next Nude News In Lipstick

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California Sun Cremes & Sun Frosts by Max Factor

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Max Factor Makes The Next News In No-Stir No-Streak Nail Color

The Ultra-luminous Nail

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Even once-over lightly, it gives a shiny flawless finish. With two coats or more, you get an ultra-high gleam. It's the light-fingered look that's fashion's newest passion. And it's all because the topcoat's built right in. Wear it shiny and sheer...or build color-on-color for a warmer, deeper hue. Either way, it gives your nails its ultra-luminous glow...as it dazzles the daylights out of them. In petal-pale and iridescent shades.



New UltraLucent (no-stir) Nail Col y Max Factor

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CHECKING OUT THE MEN

June

90 days of good looks—great ideas for manly gorgeousness, all with the master touch

Getting in a few words'-worth by Wordsworth, it's "As if the man had fixed his face, / In many a solitary place, / Against the wind and open sky!" Only thing is, now there's nothing solitary about it. With-it men by the hordes are fixing their faces, and hair, against wind, sun, sky, and every other element—including the very important element of just looking gorgeous. And they're reaching for new plateaus as more products to up their good-looks level become available. Listed here, some of the new fascinations, for summer and—very likely—beyond. . . . For getting masterful about the sun, four preparations named Aramis, each with a different sun-angle that gears to his favourite pastimes: If he swims, sails, or scubas, there's a waterproof sun gel, clear, cheerfully orange-coloured, with silicones in there working to promote a tan, to shield against sunburn, salt sting, wind roughness. For the golfer or tenniser, a beige tanning cream that absorbs overdoses of sun, holds on to skin moisture. For pool swimmers, an idea appreciated by pool-owners as well as skin-owners—a greaseless tanning lotion that rubs into skin and stays there, won't end up floating, like salad dressing, on the surface of pool water. Nor will it pick up sand. Then, for after all of these, an after-sun body rub to give a tan staying power, discourage peeling. Sneaks right into skin, leaves no stickiness. All, by Estée Lauder. . . . For Gary Cooper types—quiet assurance, subtle appeal—there's Fabergé West, called the Brand of a Man. Eleven items under this name and the zesty scent that goes with it, including cologne, a hair-control spray for breezy moments, bronzers in two shades—medium and deep. Packaging for all—the look of wood, copper, silver, tooled leather. Elegant? Yup. . . . For good looks on the go, the Executive Tote of Robert Denney who creates the men's side of Frances Denney products. This, a black grained case, handsome and compact, lined with bright red vinyl. Inside, these items—after-shave conditioner that moisturizes, relieves sun- and windburn; after-shave lotion and stick deodorant, both blended with the crisp, clean Chenango scent. $15 for all. . . . Who wears the Pantene in the family? He does, especially if he's heard women raving about the skirtene versions. What these famous Swiss have for men, besides a conditioning shampoo and hair lotion: a newsy Pantene hair-grooming spray that conditions and gives instant ruliness. . . . More for the traveller—the Total Tote, by Arden for Men. A trim-looking textured black case holding needs for country, seashore, or business—foam shaving cream, after-shave lotion, soap, talc, deodorant, with room for more. Prevailing scent here is sandalwood—a woodsy air from the mountains of India (for good guru-ming?). All these preparations, housed in plastic or metal to avoid breaks and spills. The works, $17.50. . . . Numero Uno—a new line of toiletries by Le Mans, aimed at young experimenters. Each of the six products—cologne to rope-soap—comes in cuatro scents: a crisp and keen, a vigorous English, a mysterious island, a modern rugged. Good start for experiment is the Searcher Kit, with a sampler of each scent; decision, then, follows for cologne and all the other good-looks-makers. Searcher Kit, $3.50. . . . From our man in Spain, namely Puig of Barcelona, a collection of eleven dashing ways to brace up a man's appearance, and spirits. Among them, cologne, skin-care cream, shower gel, bronzing gel. Everything, called Agua Brava, implying great snap and dash. . . . Boom. That's what's happening to the business of men's hairpieces—sales to adults expected to double this year over last. Teen-agers, it seems, are going for them at a clip of 3,000 a week. For various reasons: balding men get back in the youth-conscious action; younger chaps can be conformist or non-, at will. Good time for trying these—summer, in, perhaps, a change of scene when there's more time, new incentives. Adult hairpieces, by Taylor Topper, average $465. Young gamin wigs of Celanese acetate, by David & David, are $30. . . . With all these ways—and more—to be irresistible now, there's one thing we're sure a man *won't* do, and that's wander lonely as a cloud. . . .

(More Checkout, page 30)

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

June

Mirror, mirror, on the wall....

In a Victorian palace on a Himalayan mountainside, in a small, remote, and beautiful kingdom, lives the American-born Gyalmo—or Queen—of Sikkim. The former Hope Cooke, of New York and of long, salty summers in Maine, she has a soft-spoken gentleness, intelligence and spirit, a quick sense of humour. All are needed, for as Queen she wears many hats . . . supervising the running of the Palace, at Gangtok; working on new textbooks for the Sikkimese schools; encouraging the export of Sikkimese handicrafts, and helping to design some of them; joining her husband, the Chogyal, in his tours of the kingdom. She tries, too, to spend at least part of every day with their children, four-year-old Prince Palden, and a baby Princess—born in February—whose name is still undecided. It may, the Gyalmo writes, be Lee Zum, a Lepcha name meaning Home Unity—"because at present in Sikkim although we have pressures from all sides, internally there is a really beautiful national unity growing." . .

With all these duties and activities, she looks—according to returning travellers and friends—simply marvellous. Brown-haired, with gold-flecked green eyes, she dresses almost invariably in the Sikkimese *bakku,* a long sleeveless robe wrapped and belted over a long-sleeved blouse. Beyond this, we wondered, what measures does she take about her skin, her hair; what makeup, if any, does she use? Is the altitude—over 20,000 feet—a problem? We inquired directly, via Air Mail, of the Gyalmo herself—and received this enchanting, and informative, communiqué:

"I am trying to grow my hair at present. It is now just below my shoulders. I generally wear it long in the daytime, and in the evening a little piled high and the rest long in back. I find black velvet bows and the silver hair clips that we make in Sikkim quite useful for assembling my hair hastily when the occasion demands. I do it myself. . . . The sun is quite strong here. Even on overcast days one can get quite badly burned. Moisturizer is useful here all during the year. I freckle rather painfully and generally try to stay out of the sun. When we are travelling in the countryside in Sikkim and are given receptions in the villages along the roadside it is difficult to be fussy about the sun, so on these trips moisturizer is quite valuable. . . . I have no routine as such for exercise but try to walk as much as possible. In the past few years my weight seems to have stabilized more or less. I love eating and like spicy and rather rich food. However this is complemented if not compensated for by the large amount of fresh vegetables and fruits that fortunately grow here. . . . I love eye makeup slightly accentuated in the evening. . . . I find it a rather good reviver if I am tired to stop whatever I am doing, and to do something quite different for a little while. . . . Most makeup I bring with me from Europe. I like the light and shadow concept of makeup and I like lip gloss as I don't like lipstick, but as the climate can be rather dry here, one needs some protection for one's lips. My husband does not like very obvious makeup nor does he like the cheek-boney look which is rather popular in the West." . . . Our last question—"Is there any object or piece of beauty equipment which you particularly like?"—brought this reply: "I am very attached to the ideal of some day having an enormous mirror. We, like Versailles, are a Palace of Mirrors. But unfortunately mostly shaving mirrors, as for so long the Palace had been primarily a male establishment. I do crave a full-length looking glass. Recently in Calcutta I ordered the largest size mirror I could think of, so big in fact that for several weeks it could not be put on a plane. When the crate arrived in Sikkim we opened it with much anticipation—to find a huge piece of clear plate glass! I think I am fated never to have my longed-for looking glass but this remains the ideal object I am most attached to."

for Father's Day, June 16th
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Jade East products are now available in a complete collection of masculine grooming essentials



Diet Dropouts

(Continued from page 22)

I was beginning to dread dinner. Food—ugh!

No need to go into my dinner menu. Suffice to say it was high in calories. Wednesday morning after a huge breakfast I was ready to cry "uncle."

Wednesday my weight check showed a gain of three pounds which I was hastily reassured would come off quickly and was to be expected. Following my third injection I was given my first two clinic-prepared meals totaling 500 calories. The food, prepared under the careful supervision of Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Gerrity, is chosen and cooked with imagination.

Basically lunch and dinner each consist of four ounces of fresh shellfish, cottage cheese, breast of chicken or lean meat—lamb and pork excepted. In addition there is a generous helping of vegetable and two small Italian breadsticks. Vegetables high in carbohydrates such as peas, carrots, or avocado are not allowed. The diet is *strictly fat free*. The patient is encouraged to drink plenty of liquids, tea, coffee, and water. Two helpings of fresh fruit complete the daily allowance. Fruit is limited to half a grapefruit or small cantaloupe, a small raw apple, a small orange, or a handful of fresh strawberries. Alcohol is strictly Out. So is cheating!

A typical lunch menu might be jumbo shrimp and asparagus vinaigrette or cold chicken tarragon with watercress or radish roses; dinner—which you reheat at home—might consist of veal scallopine and tomatoes Italiano or sirloin steak and baby Brussels sprouts. Both meals must include the two small breadsticks.

Speaking of cheating, I tried it once several weeks after beginning treatment. I rationalized my action in the interest of research. I can report that one drink and a handful of dry roasted peanuts showed up the next day on the scale as one quarter pound. The doctor believes that weight gain due to cheating is due to water retention caused by additional salt intake, but he is careful to add that this is only his theory. Dr. Simeons believes that the gain is due to the addition of food fat to an already fat-saturated blood stream.

Now for the results: At the end of my treatment the scale showed that I had lost 23 pounds. My loss averaged out to somewhat more than half a pound a day. Taller, larger-framed persons usually lose at a more rapid pace. Men, for instance, invariably do better than women for the simple reason that they have a larger body area. It is not unusual for patients to reach a plateau where there is no weight loss for several days—then the resumption of normal daily loss. I never reached a plateau but my loss was somewhat erratic which was attributed to my own peculiar problem of water retention. Variance in salt intake was a contributing factor.

I can also report that I have lost two inches around my thighs. My upper arms, my waist and hip-measurements have also decreased noticeably. I have gone from a size 16 to a size 12. For me the method worked and through it all I felt marvellous. No dragging fatigue, no gnawing hunger pains, and none of that "hopped up" feeling one gets with many of the appetite depressants.

Although there is disagreement in the medical profession as to the validity of Dr. Simeons's theories many of the Kennedy Clinic patients are referred to the Clinic by their personal physicians. The opinion of the American Medical Association is that the weight loss is due to the low calorie diet and not to the injections of HCG. Controlled blind experiments have been conducted in the United States but the results were somewhat inconclusive. Similar experiments conducted in England seemed to bear out Dr. Simeons's theories. The AMA does admit that there is no physical danger in the 125 international units of HCG. From the despairing overweight patient's viewpoint, who

(Continued on page 34)

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Diet Dropouts

(Continued from page 32)

cares why or how it works—the fact is it does.

Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Gerrity believe there are several reasons for the successful results. First, the rigorous supervision; second, the "to go" meals; thirdly, the steady weight loss and time limit of 23 to 40 days are prime psychological factors.

I'm sure the nagging question in back of every reader's mind is, "So she took it off but how will she maintain her weight loss?" This is how it's done.

Following the last injection, the Clinic provides meals for two and a half days—that is, five meals. For the sixth meal, dinner of the third day, the patient is cautioned to eat very lightly—*no* pasta, rice, bread, or butter.

For my first dinner I limited myself to one whiskey and water, asparagus (no butter), and a broiled cubed steak. Then for the first week I was directed to keep the carbohydrate content to a minimum but told that I could vary my meats to include a fat-trimmed slice of lamb, ham, or pork. I was also allowed one piece of toast for breakfast. Admittedly I was very cautious and continued to eat foods similar to those on the diet but in slightly larger quantities. As time goes on one may add heretofore restricted foods to the daily diet. I have not yet had a spaghetti dinner but I have had fried chicken—no second helping. I also had curried lamb with about two heaping tablespoons of rice. During the approximately six weeks since I completed treatment, I showed no weight gain at all.

In addition to a reasonable degree of precaution the Clinic insists that every patient weigh himself every morning preferably on an arm-type scale such as physicians use. Small bathroom models of this type are available and highly accurate, calibrating weight to one to two ounces. This daily weight watch is vitally important so that the slightest gain can be dealt with quickly and effectively, before it gets out of hand.

What do you do if one morning you find you have gained one to two pounds? There is a simple remedy—somewhat painful but effective. That day you limit breakfast to coffee or tea and fruit. Then you cut out lunch or dinner. For the one meal you're allowed a small helping of broiled steak and a small tossed green salad. By the next morning you should be back to normal. The important thing is not to put off taking it off! Delay can be fatal. Let those two pounds grow to five and you've got a real problem!

Among the hundreds of satisfied patients who have taken the Simeons treatment at the Kennedy Clinic, undoubtedly no one is more enthusiastic than Peggy Cass, the witty, blond star of the recent Broadway hit *Please Don't Drink the Water.* Television viewers know her as the star of "To Tell the Truth" and as a frequent guest on the "Tonight Show." Recently she was in Australia on location for the film *The Age of Consent,* starring James Mason.

As we compared notes one afternoon in her New York apartment, she said with barely containable joy, "Look at me, I've been eating and drinking everything and I haven't gained an ounce. When I started the treatment my mother told me my arms would hang in folds like the curtain at the Roxy Theatre. But look, no sagging flesh." She was right.

Miss Cass admits that her Irish background provides her with a definite yen for potatoes. "For me mashed potatoes should be yellow in color—from the butter!

"My dear," she said, "when I started the diet, I had a fat back, it looked like two little pillows. Now you can see my backbone."

Miss Cass agrees that the strict supervision and the discipline of daily attendance are the prime factors in the success of the program.

"However," she warns, "if you're going to cheat—forget it!"

And she's absolutely right.

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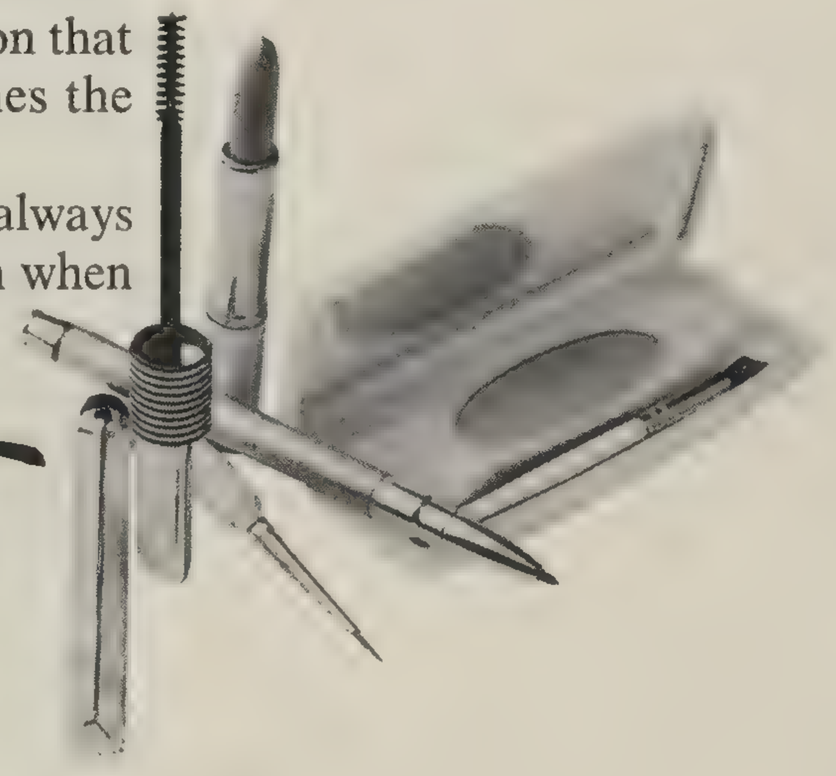
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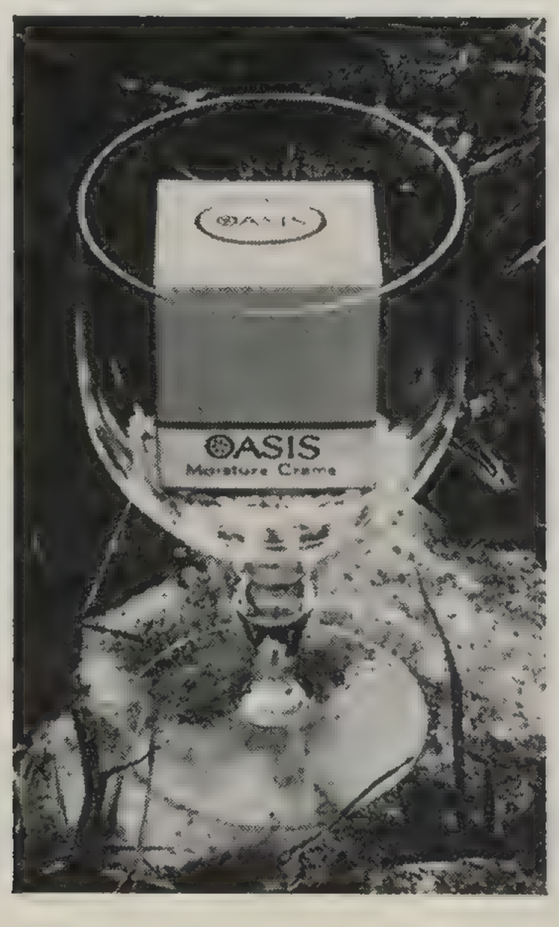
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"personal life is the essence"

The Years of Achievement is the somewhat misleading title that Michael Holroyd has given to the second volume of his monumental biography of the English writer Lytton Strachey. It is true that Strachey accomplished the work on which his ambiguous literary reputation is based within the period, extending from 1910 to 1932, covered by the volume. But the truth is that these were, for the most part, the years of his association with the complicated and difficult woman who had Dora for her first name, but who was never called anything but Carrington by those who knew her. This association, ended by his death and her suicide, dominated his life from 1915 onwards and was in many ways more interesting than anything else about him.

The relationship began in a sufficiently bizarre fashion. When they first met, Strachey was in his thirties and Carrington was a slim and boyish virgin of twenty. They encountered each other at a weekend house party in the country, and while they were out for a walk together he took her by surprise in a wood and kissed her. She was angry to find that she had been kissed by a man she thought of as an elderly stranger against her will, and during the evening she decided to punish him by cutting off his beard while he was asleep. She slipped into his room early the next morning armed with a pair of scissors, but as she bent over him to begin her symbolic act he opened his eyes and looked directly into hers, with the surprising result that she immediately fell deeply and passionately in love with him. As she was a barely literate art student and he was the most bookish of literary men, and as he also had such a profound horror of the anatomical features of women that are most essentially feminine that he was altogether incapable of entering into any normal sexual relationship, it seemed unlikely that this event could have any consequence, but after a period of doubts and questionings, they began living together. The thing was a marriage in everything but the physical relationship, and as time went on it assumed a fantastically elaborate character, since both the parties to it looked outside its confines for their sexual satisfactions.

Soon after it was set up a jocular fate arranged for the introduction of a third party. This was Ralph Partridge, as likeable and handsome a man as ever walked, and it so happened that he fell as much in love with Carrington as she was in love with Strachey just as Strachey was falling in love with him. As Partridge was as inveterately and unalterably heterosexual as Strachey was homosexual, the Strachey-Partridge relationship was the perfect pairing to the Carrington-Strachey one. If the Partridge-Carrington relationship had been as immune to consummation as those on the other two sides of the triangle a stable ménage might well have been the outcome. But Carrington's virginity had been preserved by her retarded physical development rather than by any deep-seated inhibition, and Partridge was able to make her first his mistress and then his wife. As he was able to awaken her sexually, but not to make her fall in love with him, Partridge had his way at the price of introducing an inherent instability into the triangle. Carrington was sexually ambiguous, as happy physically making love with women as with men, and this seems to have touched some deep vein of insecurity in Partridge. He could, with an effort, handle (Continued on page 66)



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Vogue's Spotlight: Books (Continued from page 65)

his instinctive jealousy of the men Carrington took as lovers (jealousy even ripened into friendship in the case of her first lover Gerald Brenan), but the women were too much for him to deal with as sexual competitors.

Partridge consequently fell out of love with Carrington, without ceasing to be very fond of her, and in love with an extremely warmhearted and attractive young woman called Frances Marshall. The triangle might have been expected to disintegrate at this point, but Lytton Strachey was by then so dependent on Partridge as the manager of the practical side of his life and Partridge had become so fond of him that there was no question of his breaking free. Frances Marshall joined the constellation, and the enormously complicated game continued.

Michael Holroyd's account of the development of this quadrilateral is not altogether satisfactory, because he doesn't seem fully to realize or to believe in the attractions of Carrington, who was not only a golden being instinct with a curious magnetism but also an extraordinarily gifted creator of ambiences full of colour and beauty. But once Frances Marshall and Gerald Brenan, who were available as witnesses, have come on the scene he seems convinced of the charms of the people he is writing about, and the story becomes fascinating and profoundly moving.

It may seem derogatory to Strachey to dwell on the part of his biography that deals with his private life to the virtual exclusion of Mr. Holroyd's acute consideration of him as the biographer and popular historian who had such a success with his *Eminent Victorians*, his *Queen Victoria*, and *Elizabeth and Essex*. But it is a mistake to think of Strachey as one of those literary artists whose importance is closely related to the extent of his commitment to his work. The dedicated artist is a figure who was invented by the Romantics in the early nineteenth century, and Strachey was committed to another order of priorities altogether —those of the enlightenment that preceded the Romantic era. He undoubtedly believed that anyone who sacrificed his life to his art was committing the egregious folly of sacrificing the whole to a part. When he was asked, on a famous occasion the full import of which Mr. Holroyd does not seem to understand, to say what he thought was the most important thing in life he replied, with an intensity that took his French interrogators aback, by uttering the single word "passion!" If he was dedicated to anything it was to facing the realities of his passions and their effects without evasion, and to being candid with himself and with his friends about his feelings and motives—to living out, in short, the ethical system proposed in *Principia Ethica* by the philosopher G. E. Moore who had had such a profound influence on Strachey's set in their Cambridge days. What Strachey lived for in the last analysis, far more than for his writing, was personal relationships and their analysis in conversation. It was not simply that he liked gossip, though he did enjoy anecdotes about the oddities of human behaviour. He was genuinely concerned with working out a way of life that would permit people as they are to live their lives without deceit and without fear. He identified himself with Voltaire, and the infamy that he wished to see destroyed was the monstrous structure of pretenses about what was normal and proper human behaviour erected by the Victorians on the foundation of a cynical disregard of their own behaviour and their knowledge of human necessities. A part, and no small part, of Strachey's life work was documenting himself, and accumulating the vast file of papers, to which Mr. Holroyd was given access by James Strachey (Lytton's brother), in which the truth of his own behaviour and the behaviour of his friends was recorded. His life's long-term aim was just such a biography of intimate disclosure as Mr. Holroyd has written, reflecting his profoundly felt belief that the personal life is the essence and the public performance no more than its shadow.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Puff, the magic flagon

It's the aerosol era—and beauty's as effortless as a push of the button. Puff for puff, two of the niftiest new canned goods we've seen are Ultima II Deep/Deep Cleansing Foam and Ultima II Stimulating Facial. They do what they say. The first foams out like whipped cream and cleans deep deep. Just fingertip it around the face and rinse off. One scrubbed young thing testified, "I wouldn't have believed a foam cleanser could do such a thorough job—and so easy, you almost feel guilty!" About Stimulating Facial: would you believe a little minty cloud that does for the face what a julep does for the spirit—in three minutes? Fresh and refresh, a daily dose of bliss. All this, in pretty little patterned gilt flagons like a lot of other Ultima II nifties from Revlon.

Don't stop us if you've heard this one

"My hair's too fine to hold a set" . . . "too strong-willed" . . . "too limp" . . . "too flyaway." Too this, too that. Too bad. You've heard it all before, right? Well, now hear this. Breck, the doyen of hair carers-and-repairers, have also been keeping their ears open and the way they figure it, all the above-named complainants are actually being plagued by the same difficulty. Namely, cranky texture. Fine, coarse, dry, whatever—what's clearly lacking in every case is the kind of texture it takes to give a setting a decent run for its money. . . . A basic problem for which Breck has proposed a basic solution. Breck Basic, they call it—what else *would* you call a conditioner that aims to get right down to basics by idealizing hair of every texture? Nothing complicated about getting down there, either—pour on post-shampoo (a measuring-cup cap indicates how much); comb through; set; comb out; await results. Results of our own survey—taken among a cross-section of all those erratic hair-types you've been hearing about—basically ecstatic. . . .

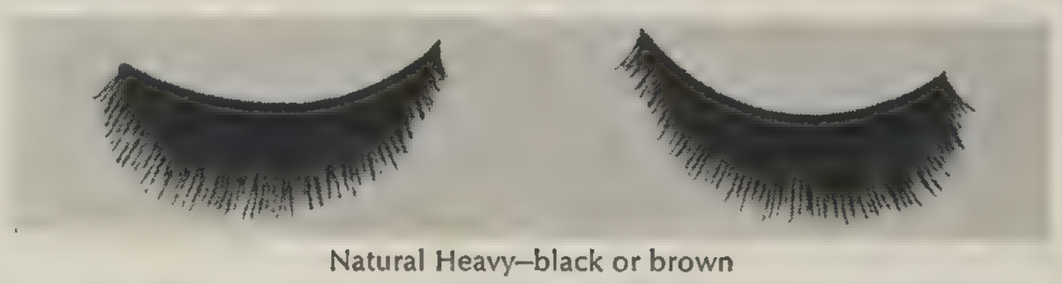
Fragrance—a new put-on

Just when we thought all means of fragrance-application had been plumbed to the limit, up comes De Sobelle with its spicy fresh-smelling Esprit d'Ambiance that's neither sprayed, fluffed, rolled, nor poured on. This one gets to you by way of a nifty little sprinkler-system built right into its slim cylindrical bottle. Easy: simply unscrew the bottle cap; lift up sprinkle-valve; upend bottle; sprinkle—fearlessly, since it spatters forth drop by drop, more sun-shower than deluge. So sprinkle away—on yourself, on linens, lingerie, everything. Had enough? Just press the valve down—no leaks, no spills; Esprit d'Ambiance sprinkles only on command. Which is something to keep in mind when you're travelling. Something delicious. . . .

(More Ready Beauty, page 177)



WHAT KIND OF WOMAN ARE YOU, ANYWAY?



Natural Heavy–black or brown



Natural Deluxe–black or brown

ROMANTIC? Are you the kind of woman who wears rose-colored glasses, ties lavish bows on packages, cries at weddings? How do you feel about keeping promises, fireworks over the water, and confetti? Would you rather ride in a gondola than a motorboat? Then, always look your romantic best with these personalized Andrea eyelashes. Andrea is the leading lash-stylist to all kinds of women, including the romantic kind like You, with 21 stunning styles to match every mood. $4.00 to $12.50.

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They come in two bottles.



Why two?

Because there are two jobs to be done. 1. Nails must be stopped from splitting, chipping and peeling. 2. The cuticle must be soothed and softened, the nail made supple, healthy growth encouraged.

Since these are clearly separate and distinct problems that no one product can correct, two products are needed: Dinalon Lilac nail hardener, Dinalon Orange nail and cuticle conditioner.

What does each do?

Dinalon Lilac helps end split, chipped and peeling nails. It works gently, without formaldehyde or other harsh chemicals, to help strengthen soft nails that chip, peel and refuse to grow. Soon the nail can be filed and shaped without fear of its breaking. Dinalon Lilac is not a super-hard shellac or varnish; *it penetrates the nail, doesn't merely sit on top of it.*

Dinalon Orange encourages healthy, supple nails. It works on the cuticle, helping to soothe and heal painful, annoying cracks. Dinalon Orange gives nails a new suppleness, making them less likely to break on impact or when bent.

How should Dinalon be used?

Ideally, Dinalon Lilac should be used twice a week in the beginning. (It dries immediately.) Once the nail has been strengthened, it should be applied once a week to keep nails strong and free from split ends. Many women apply it to the underside of the nail as well.

Dinalon Orange should be used 2 or 3 times weekly at first. Apply it with the brush all around the nail at the juncture of nail and cuticle, then massage it into the base of the nail and cuticle. After three weeks, about 10 treatments, one application a week should be sufficient.

Can they be used separately?

Since each product serves a separate function, yes. But intensive studies have shown that only the complete treatment, using both products, can yield perfect results.

Does Dinalon really work?

Perhaps the facts can best answer this. Dinalon is a Swiss product, developed in 1961 and quietly placed on sale in Switzerland. One woman told another about it. Beauty editors began to recommend it. Soon Dinalon was the "in" thing in the beauty and fashion centers of Europe: Paris, Rome, London, Madrid. Within a few years it has become the password to fingertip beauty for smart European women.

How soon will I see results?

Results are usually apparent after 4 or 5 applications. Do not look for Dinalon to *cover* faults. Rather, it helps *eliminate* them. Always a slower process, but obviously much more desirable.

A few extra Dinalon hints

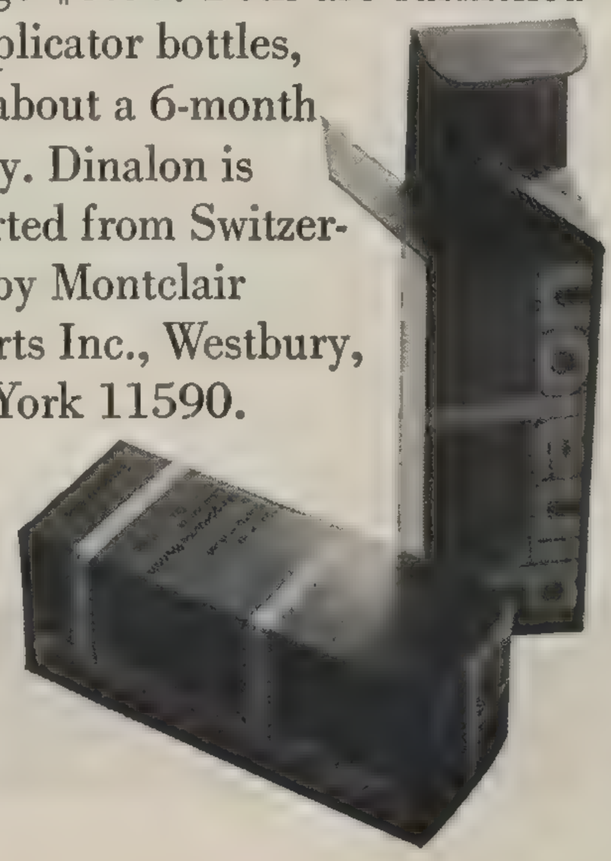
Basically, men have many of the same nail problems women do. So don't keep Dinalon your feminine secret.

Dinalon is as excellent for pedicure as it is for manicure. A weekly treatment is a summertime must.

Aquatic events — and that includes dishwashing — weaken and soften nails. Dinalon nail care products should see extra duty during these times.

How much does it cost?

Dinalon Lilac is $3.75, Dinalon Orange $3.00. Both are furnished in applicator bottles, each about a 6-month supply. Dinalon is imported from Switzerland by Montclair Imports Inc., Westbury, New York 11590.



VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The star light of Fonteyn and Nureyev in New York with the Royal Ballet



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Like irregularly scheduled comets Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev blaze briefly over New York. When they opened the Royal Ballet season at Lincoln Center recently dancing in Prokofieff's *Romeo and Juliet,* they again shook their audience as if it were the conglomerate victim of first love. In that audience: a gleaming vein of guests at a benefit for the English-Speaking Union, who sped in and out of split-second intermission supper parties in the coal-and-silver Opera Club Room at the Metropolitan Opera House. After the ballet the company celebrated at a party, given by Sol Hurok, by—yes—dancing. Not Nureyev, quiet after his fiery performance. Dame Margot, on stage awesome in her perfection and heart breaking, looked, off stage, rested, young, delighted, her topaz eyes more golden than her sequin dress. As if her day had just begun, she went on to a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II, at La Directoire, a discothèque only days old.

1. Dame Margot Fonteyn, and, 2., Rudolf Nureyev in *Romeo and Juliet.* 3. Mr. Charles Addams, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Mr. Henry J. Heinz, II. 4. Mr. Francis Booth, Mrs. Peter Reed. 5. Miss Deanne Bergsma, Mr. Desmond Doyle, Miss Deirdre O'Conaire of the Royal Ballet. 6. Mrs. David W. Beer, Mr. Michael Zimmer. 7. Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II, dancing. 8. Mr. Luis Martins, Mrs. Jacob K. Javits, Mr. James Patino-Ortiz. 9. Miss Antoinette Sibley, Mr. Michael Somes. 10. Miss Frances FitzGerald and Mr. Gavin Young. 11. Mr. Jason Biddle Fishbein, Miss Ruth Ford.

The dress by L'Aiglon. The fiber by Enka. The photograph by Sokolsky.



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VOGUE'S

Wedding at a sixteenth-century English castle



1



2

Only in England could the uniquely romantic wedding of Lady Elizabeth Compton and Mr. Ian Hamish Leslie Melville have been celebrated: at Castle Ashby, the Elizabethan family seat of the bride's father, the Marquess of Northampton. After the ceremony in Castle Ashby chapel, a skirling piper—the bridegroom is Scottish—led the guests and the wedding party, with the young attendants at full romp, to the castle, with its spectacular parapet of the 127th Psalm carved in stony Latin.

The wedding luncheon kicked off in the



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NOTEBOOK



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King William dining room (William III ate there), shifted for cake cutting to the Big Hall, hung with family portraits and superb paintings by Bellini, Mantegna, and Raphael. Later the five hundred guests spilled out of Castle Ashby to watch the young couple speed off through the vast park designed by "Capability" Brown.

1. The wedding party piped from the chapel to Castle Ashby by the Pipe Major. 2. The bride with her young attendants: *left to right,* Camilla Bonsor, Alexander Hambro, Shan Gibson-Watt, Katherine Joicey, Mark Donen. 3. Mr. Neil Balfour, the best man, with the bride's luggage. 4. The Marchioness of Northampton; Lady Judith Compton, sister of the bride; and Mrs. Thomas Hussey, mother of the bride. 5. The Reverend Honourable Andrew Elphinstone and the Duchess of Gloucester. 6. Mrs. Stanley Donen. 7. The Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton. 8. Mrs. Vane Ivanovic. 9. Lady Hesketh. 10. Señorita Lucia Santa Cruz. 11. Earl Compton and Lord William Compton, brothers of the bride.



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VOGUE'S

When eighteenth-century France hit the Royal Academy of Arts in London



1



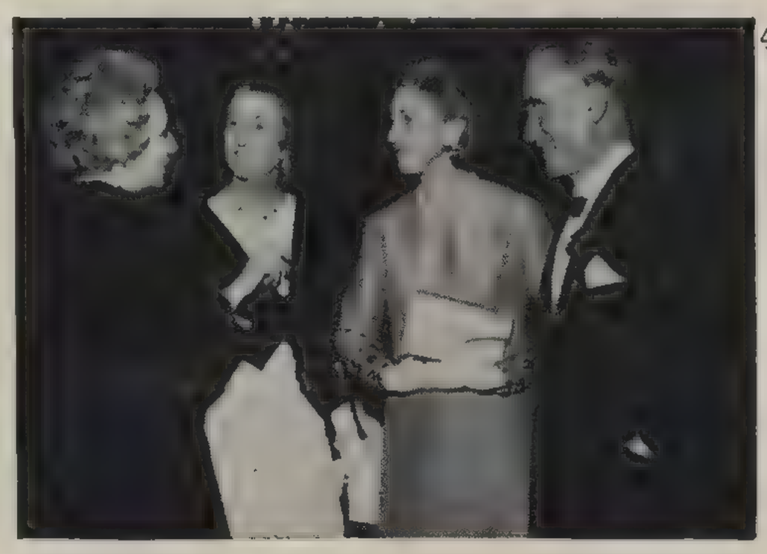
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One of London's enchanted spring memories: A maze of galleries at the Royal Academy of Arts hung, set, studded with a thousand evidences of "France in the Eighteenth Century" with its arts and ravishments, with, especially, a collection of superb Watteau and Fragonard drawings. On opening night a thousand guests, led by H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, sifted through the galleries in a gala-rie for the Greater London Fund for the Blind, which aids all London services for the sightless. Providing funds toward schools, training colleges, and jobs, this benefit turned the past around to help the future.



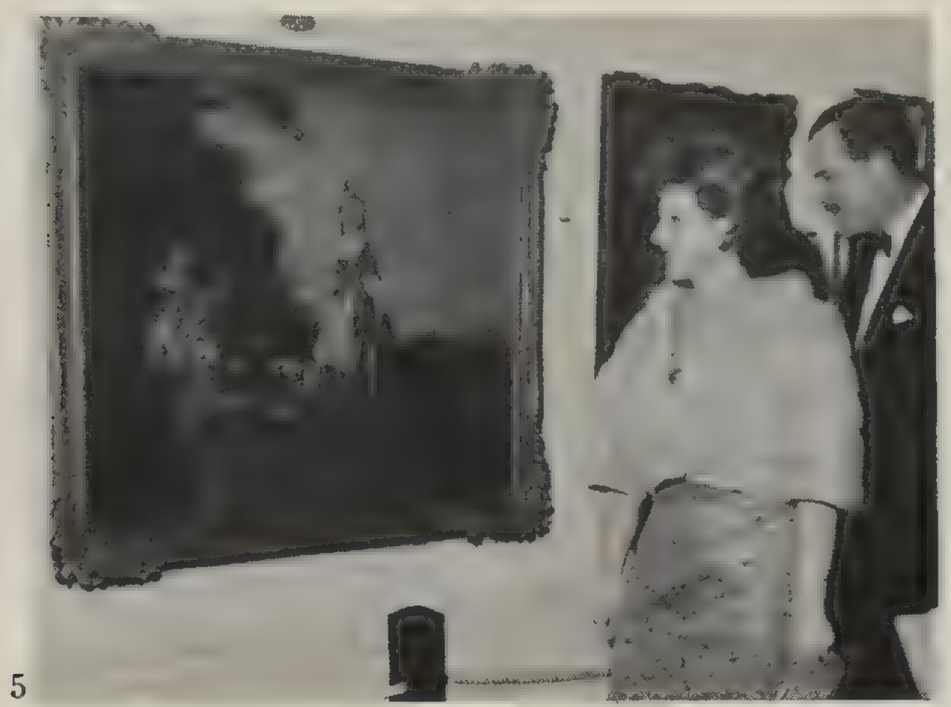
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1. H.M. Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother receiving a bouquet. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cunningham-Reid, Mr. Frank Law. 3. Sir Nicholas and Lady Sekers. 4. Lady Katharine Far-



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NOTEBOOK



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rell; the Marquesa de Santa Cruz; Lady Thorneycroft; and H.E. the Marqués de Santa Cruz, the Spanish Ambassador to England. 5. The Earl and Countess of Dundonald. 6. Mrs. Colin Campbell, Lady Jane Rayne, and Mr. Max Rayne. 7. Lady Monnington, wife of the President of the Royal Academy; Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, chairman of the benefit committee. 8. Mr. David Hicks and Mrs. Paul Channon. 9. Lady Glendevon, Lady Caroline Waterhouse, and Lord Glendevon.

9







VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

2001: A Space Odyssey, "*a superb wreck*"

Stanley Kubrick always seemed a director who knew exactly what he was doing. In such films as *Lolita*, *Dr. Strangelove*, even *Spartacus*, he calculated his effects with masterful precision. But in *2001* one feels that this most deliberate of artists has lost control over his materials. It is morally pretentious, intellectually obscure, and inordinately long. Yet, though Mr. Kubrick may have lost his control, he has not lost his genius. *2001* is a movie in the grand style, intensely exciting visually, with that peculiar artistic power which comes from obsession. It is a film obsessed first with the gadgetry of space exploration and then, it becomes evident, with some personal Kubrickian mysticism about the cycle of life, death, and rebirth in the cosmos.

2001 is, I say, a film out of control, an infuriating combination of exactitude on small points and incoherence on large ones. It begins, for example, with a community of apes distracted by the mysterious appearance of a great black slab in their midst. Thereafter they learn to kill each other, presumably putting themselves on the road to being human. After half an hour or so of ape talk, one ape spins his club into the air; the camera transforms the club into a space ship; and we are in the year 2001 on the way to the moon. The black slab, after four million years, has been rediscovered, and it is emitting a signal, evidently beamed at Jupiter.

Mr. Kubrick has some nice satire about the squareness of interplanetary travel and travellers; and he offers some beautifully composed, whirling sequences of ships soaring through space to the tune of Strauss waltzes. But he has succumbed to technological fetishism. One noticed the first symptoms in *Dr. Strangelove*. In *2001* he has gone mad over electronic artifacts—flashing dials, rotating wheels, computer consoles, space stations. Alas, the technical detail is not only overwhelming but unclear. Obsession continues to outrun explanation, and this reviewer, at least, could not understand a good deal of what was going on.

In due course, a story begins to emerge. A space ship, manned by two human beings and a rather sententious computer named HAL, sets out to follow the black slab's signal home to Jupiter. HAL, who is the only interesting character in the film, turns against his companions and kills one of them. The duel continues until the surviving human succeeds in disconnecting the computer. Having triumphed over the machine, the last astronaut moves on toward Jupiter.

At this point *2001* dissolves in phantasmagoria. There is an extraordinary sweep of scenes across the landscape of Jupiter, some in colours which seem to have been invented for the occasion. But what is one to make of the astronaut's finding the image of himself in a French eighteenth-century drawing room, his aging, his death, his rebirth? Science fiction culminates in an explosion of celestial metaphysics.

The concluding statement is too private, too profound, or perhaps too shallow for immediate comprehension. What remains are the artifacts of the space age, the fantastic colours, the loveliness of motion and composition, and the grandeur of the theme. *2001* is a superb wreck of a film, too diffuse, portentous, and self-indulgent to live up to its technical effects or to fulfill its philosophical aspirations, but nevertheless lingering to haunt the imagination.





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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

New York Season, "a breather"

When history records the 1967-68 New York gallery season, it will come upon few surprises. Contrary to the quick succession of styles in recent years (some, like Op, entirely manufactured in the museums), the current season was relatively tame, low-key, and uneventful. Which is a good thing, since we all, artists and public alike, needed a breather. Most gratifying was the calibre of museum shows, which was higher this year than in the past when often the galleries have been forced to carry the ball. One must, however, continue to lament the absence of major old-master shows. The responsibility here rests directly with The Metropolitan Museum of Art, which seems to be busier giving out press releases than mounting exhibitions of any quality.

From the two big omnibus exhibitions, The Guggenheim International and the Whitney Annual, one could judge what were the major trends in sculpture and painting. They showed that the present is a moment of a plurality of styles, although some are obviously gaining while others are definitely receding. Pop Art, for example, seems virtually played out with the exception of Lichtenstein, who grows increasingly more abstract, and Oldenburg, who could as easily be seen as a representational object-sculptor. In its place is a kind of homely—I'm afraid I mean that, in view of the unattractiveness of its subjects—genre, exemplified by the work of Alfred Leslie and Philip Pearlstein. Primary structures have not slackened and have even gained a certain momentum with the impressive installation of the works of Donald Judd at, of all places, the staid old Whitney.

Visiting the Whitney Museum of American Art recently gave one the weird sensation of examining the contents of three distinct time capsules, collected from three phases of modern American art: the permanent collection featuring the pre-World War II era with its mass of sentimental provincial genre, relieved only by the shocking—considering its context—quality and originality of Dove, Hartley, and a few others; the Abstract Expressionist period represented by the technically and colouristically brilliant paintings of Adolph Gottlieb; and finally the abstract, largely geometric work of the sixties: the single-image painting, sculpture, as well as the objects and reliefs that often set large store on new materials and factors external to the work itself, such as reflected or filtered light, or the environmental situation, of which Judd's austere rows of identical boxes are a prime example.

The traffic-stoppers of the year were Kenneth Noland's bold multicolour striped paintings. One could not fail to be moved by the sheer dazzling brilliance of these paintings. Moreover, Noland's ability to neutralize the edges of his canvas by making the picture bigger than the field of vision was an important innovation. Because the eye is forced constantly to travel back and forth across the canvas surface without ever finding a climactic focus at which to rest, there is no taking in both top and bottom margin in a single glance; at the same time, the horizontal stripes seem to streak by at an alarming speed, making it equally impossible to hold the edges at either side. Noland's great triumph here was to combine the wholeness and indissoluble integrity of a single image with the excitement and elusiveness of an image that the eye can't pin down. The result is a restless, dynamic image that constantly challenges our perception while remaining strictly within the bounds of its own logic.

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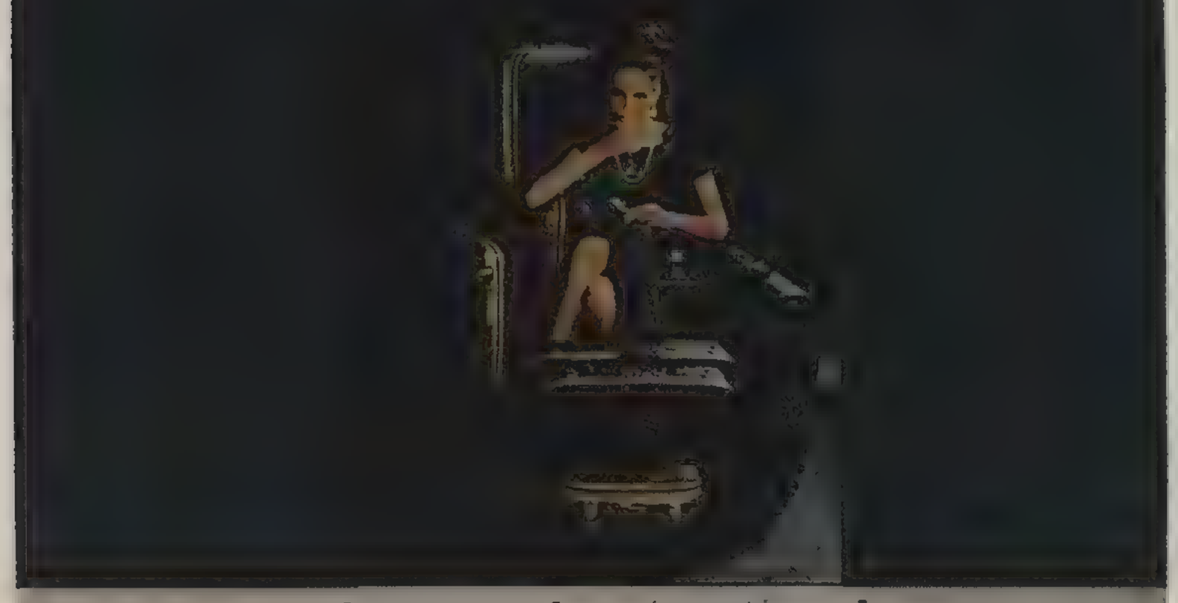
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

The Electric Flag,

"that precious Chicago funk"

Mike Bloomfield is watching Ravi Shankar on television, following the music with his tongue and eyebrows, caressing the spine of Shankar's sitar with his own fingers. His face is glowing like a birthday cake with all its candles lit.

"Boy, listen to that. Wow—oh, wow. Man, it's all the same. All over the world. It's just like blues. All that moaning—those minor scales. All ghetto music is the same, man. All blues."

I had come to talk with Mike Bloomfield about his new group, The Electric Flag. But the interview soon became a colloquium on the blues. Although he held forth on essential matters such as race and politics, the Beatles and turning on, the conversation focused on some old Chess records that are—wow—outasight.

Blues is where Bloomfield's head is at. But few succeed so admirably at their obsessions. In the pop hierarchy, Mike ranks with Eric Clapton at the very top of a considerable heap of young guitarists. In fact, he is one of the few rock musicians who can lay claim to a style of his own. Between the twelve sacred bars of a blues verse, he weaves a sighing, moaning mosaic of sound. His solos come straight from the fingertips—and the soul.

This is not to say that Bloomfield's style exists without antecedents; nothing in blues ever has. He acknowledges the influence of blues master B. B. King on his decision to abandon the hard sound of current rock for a sweeter, more melancholy effect. But long before he ever met B. B. King, Mike was deeply immersed in the blues. He was raised in Chicago, one of the few American cities where that music is still more than a scholarly pursuit. A sprawling ghetto is only part of the reason why so many great blues men—black and white—come from Chicago.

"Blues has all the cool in that town," Bloomfield explained. "It's all around—on the radio, in the bars. Even just hanging around, you hear it all the time. If you're a musician, you gravitate toward the blues. Then, you've gotta pay your dues among the right people. The Negroes have to dig it. In Chicago, being a cute white boy just isn't enough."

For Bloomfield, small-time gigs along Chicago's blues belt led to friendship with Bob Dylan and Paul Butterfield, when both were at the start of their careers. Mike played on Dylan's first folk-rock album in 1965 but rejected an offer to join his road group. Instead, Mike became a member of the Butterfield Blues Band. They were a scruffy lot—torn and shaggy. But when they played, the only word to describe their effect was sublime.

For many, the news that Bloomfield was leaving the group signalled the end of that sound (fortunately, it hasn't). The further revelation that Mike's new group, The Electric Flag, would be playing commercial soul music put a curl on countless upper lips. But Bloomfield's band, which has released its first album, *A Long Time Comin'*, on Columbia, has lost none of that precious Chicago funk. What it has gained is a drummer who pounds his message into your inner ear, some classy young horn players, a pair of Chicago cronies, and Mike himself, whose hair now rings his head like the petals of a black dandelion.

"With brass, we sound like a whole church full of people singing together," he said. "I love it. I feel just like B. B. King."

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Petulia, "*beautiful when she is plain*"

Like Richard Lester's other movies, *Petulia* is a shifting pattern of varicoloured bits and pieces. Except that I doubt that the final effect in this one is quite what he was getting at. Far from being the brittle, brutal, sophisticated tragicomedy that seems to have been intended, *Petulia* in the end turns out to be a nice sentimental love story.

The movie starts out on a jazzy enough note: In the midst of a charity ball given to promote automobile safety, a beautiful young married woman, Julie Christie informs a dubious doctor whom she's never met before, George C. Scott, that she intends to have an affair with him. But with all the nervous high-style intensity of the opening—there's a marvellous shot of the accident victims in braces and wheelchairs and full evening dress being lifted up to the ball in a caged freight elevator—and the subsequent fancy footwork, subliminal flashbacks, reiterated cinematic contrasts between the artificial frenzy of the jet set and the real blood and guts of a hospital, *Petulia* remains basically that old story of disgruntled middle age beckoned, enticed, but never quite ensnared by wild, perilous young beauty.

Part of the trouble is that, for all her self-pronounced kookiness and intimations of a tragic past, Petulia simply isn't another Darling. She lacks both the originality and the flair. And the main emphasis falls not on her but on her lover whose problem is all too familiar, in spite of George C. Scott's efforts to distinguish him. (The dialogue doesn't help much, since for all the quick brittle delivery, when listened to closely, what they are saying are things like: "I'm going to marry you, Archie". . . . "It's the Pepsi generation.") Another difficulty is that, for all their individual attractiveness, the stars can't seem to set off any great chemistry between them. There's a much greater feeling of love in Scott's scenes with his estranged wife and Julie Christie's scenes with her young husband than either of them generates with each other. Which, given an affair of passion, is unfortunate.

Still, even though *Petulia* isn't quite the sum of its parts, the parts themselves are often interesting and worth attending to. Richard Lester gives many acute, witty observations of California: The weird 1984 automation of a San Francisco motel; a sign in a redwood forest, "This tree was sixty-eight years old the year Christ died"; a topless waitress in a blaring restaurant daintily holding a napkin to her chest as she eats. The excellent cast includes Joseph Cotten and Arthur Hill in well-acted bit parts, and—for those who are looking for nice surprises—Richard Chamberlain (the former Dr. Kildare of television) who turns in a wonderfully sensitive, yet slightly sinister performance as the beautiful young husband, once gentle now gâté, once tender now driven to helpless, brutal rages by his wife.

Then, of course, there's that special quality of Julie Christie herself—personality? charisma?—that makes her uninteresting when she's dressed up and curly, but beautiful when she is plain. She's almost able to make plausible what few other women could, a proposal from her lover while she's lying outside a delivery room having four-minute contractions. Quite a tribute considering, as she herself says over the great mound of her stomach, that they didn't know each other long enough to give each other a cold.



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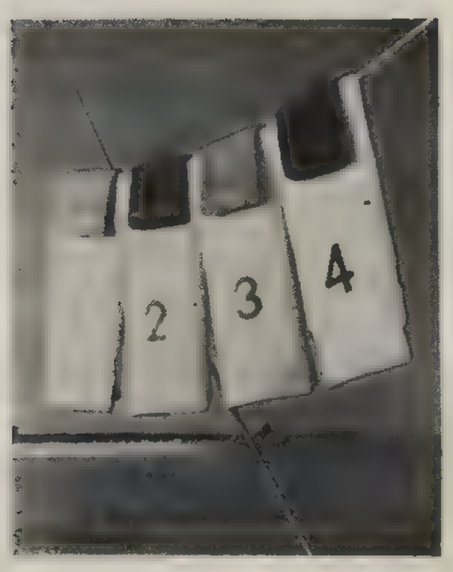
Summer ship-shapers





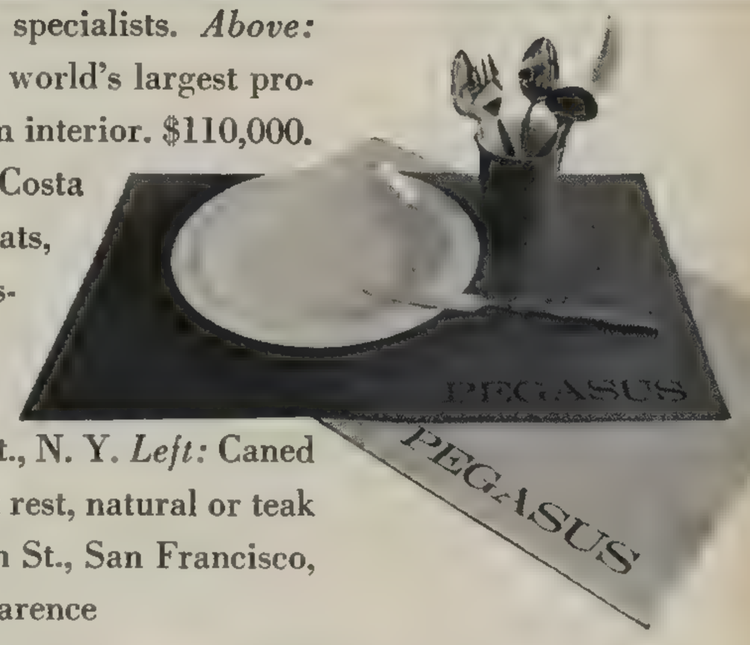
The news, here, has a carefree summer in mind . . . on a trim boat or in a shipshape house. *Above:* The yacht ensign, $5, at Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave. & 45th St., N. Y., suppliers of any standard or custom pennants. *Left:* Bunting pennants are a new rage on washable pillows. $15 ea., Dior Boutique, 11 bis rue François Ier, Paris, France. To each his own: white bath towels with bright appliquéd numbers to match wash cloths. Set for 4, $16.50; Abercrombie's. A giant 24″ x 32″ navy polka-dot vinyl bag, $25, totes dozens of soft white Kendall non-woven sheets and pillowcases, foam-filled pillows, to throw out when soiled. From The Captain's Quarters, 967 Madison Ave., N. Y.; boat specialists. *Above:* The Islander 55, luxurious new racing sloop, world's largest production model Fiberglas sailing yacht. Custom interior. $110,000. Wayfarer Yacht Corp., 1682 Placentia Ave., Costa Mesa, Cal. *Right:* Fifty heavy paper place mats, 12″ x 18″, are padded to tear off as needed. Assorted or in a single colour. 3 pads, $18. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St., N. Y. Finnish white plastic dinner plate, $1.35, D/R, 53 E. 57th St., N. Y. *Left:* Caned rattan Lounge chair, adjustable back and foot rest, natural or teak finish. $372, Decorative Imports, 408 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal. Shell print sailcloth, Clarence House, 40 E. 57th St., N. Y. The radio gives continuous weather reports, is The Weather Caster, $40. *Right:* Inflatable plastic water jug, 2½ gals., $2.25. A plastic Regatta tray, $5; glasses, ea. $4.50. Plastic stack tumblers, $3 for 100. All: Abercrombie's.







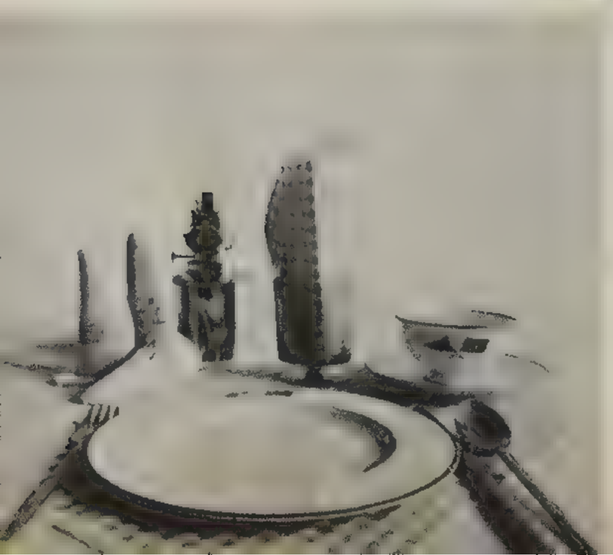




DAVID MASSEY



Left: Blue-banded ship's china with any insignia, to order. Brass kerosene cabin lamp, $15. Smoke plastic, footed stacking goblets, 25 for $5. Marked to order. Modern scrimshaw, $35 to $75. Blue-and-white Kendall non-woven tablecloth, 4 napkins, $3.50. All, The Captain's Quarters.



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

The brand-new style



JACK ROBINSON

All around, bound up in imaginative, precisely executed details: In the panache of William Feilding, right, who adds silver art nouveau buttons to a green suède jacket of his own design, belts cinnamon suède pants with a chased steel jewel of a belt buckle, knots a pink India silk scarf at his throat . . . in the way Chris Lawrence, below, slings a Gucci case (fitted to hold everything from cigarettes to books in surgical order) over his arm, knots a five-foot length of India silk like a tie to add wit to a classic blazer suit. Scarf, by Michel Kramer for Handcraft, $6 at Bonwit Teller. Heavy cords of gold form the versatile buckle, left and below. Affix two to evening shoes for the wanted glitter of hardware. One alone: a grand belt buckle. $500 a pair, $300 for belt buckle. Arthur King, 15 East 57, N. Y. C.



Christopher Lawrence, below, sports a great idea: The portable pocket that takes the strain off your suit pockets, less trouble than an attaché case, twice as thin as a camera case. $79 in smoky brown calf, Gucci, 699 5th Ave., N. Y.



BERRY BERENSON

William Feilding makes it all his own: the dash of the new style. He fills his time doing murals, writing a book of children's poems . . . currently, accepting commissions for fabulous belt buckles such as his, here, of chased gold, chiselled blue steel with the Feilding crest. Exquisitely made by a gunsmith, the belt is about $250 worth of superb work. For the crestless, he will design with anything of personal meaning. (212) PL 5-2691.

Around the wrist: something frankly luxurious, simply sensible, or cleanly unobtrusive. To wit: lapis and diamond cuff links, above (to match a Piaget watch), $1,100. Van Cleef & Arpels. Leather wristband, far right, with zip pocket for keys, coins, at the beach. $3. Bloomingdale's. Right, small silver coil in Shields's "mini-link," $5.





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Super-Royal gold flaked lipsticks

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JUNE, 1968

VOGUE's *eye view:* *Beauty Country*

The sky above, the land below, the bountiful sunshine day after endless day—America in summer is beauty country, calming, restorative, reviving: every woman's instant spa. Use it as you please... bathe before breakfast, if you like, in a wine-chill mountain lake... nap in a meadow dense with wild flowers...gallop like fury along an empty beach when the tide is out, the sand tight, and the sun lowering down in a red round blaze. Take time—as Veruschka does here on a barren cliff in the Arizona desert—simply to luxuriate in the spaciousness and solitude of summer...time to feel like a beauty....Yellow cotton pinafore-dress with white rickrack, dots, and white organdie shirt, by Geoffrey Beene. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus.





FRANCO RUBARTELLI



THE BEAUTY OF BROWN IN THE

GREAT SUN SHINE

Shining sun. Shining skin. And Veruschka, shining forth in Arizona beneath bright-blue desert skies. Summer gleams across forehead and cheeks, down arms and legs, the length of a bare midriff or a beautiful back. It's as simple and splendid as that—the beauty of this summer's great looks, looking your way on these sixteen sun-drenched pages.

Bare midriff, brown crêpe, left: matte silk from neck to wrist, shining skin from bosom-high to hip—ropes of bogus coral circle the bare gleaming waist, and the desert spectrum is complete. Dress by Donald Brooks, in Onondaga silk. About $190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Balliet's. Marvella coral-red ropes. Latinas sandals.



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Bare-midriff, brown linen, right, plus another shining breakthrough—arms going bare all the way to a turtleneck, skirt and bodice barely meeting at a midriff-tie. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Moygashel linen. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Lou Lattimore; Amelia Gray. Adolfo hat. And the great sun shine reflected on these sixteen pages—skin gleaming with the handiest new idea for sun buffs: an Elizabeth Arden Leg Tint that buffs to polished smoothness at the touch of an Ardena mitt....Stretching far into the background of every page is Sedona's red-gold sand.



GREAT WITH SUN SHINE – THE BARE BELTED BROWNS

Back-wrapped brown linen, above, making the point of bare shoulders, bare neck, bare back. Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Moygashel linen. About $160. Henri Bendel; Godchaux's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Napier ring. Mimi di N belt (own belt not shown). Both pages: Reid-Meredith Dynel falls. White-scalloped brown wrapper, far left: a white belt cinches this summer's great brown boom—all the browner for side-scalloping white. Dress by Ginori, in Fibranne. About $50. Bonwit Teller. Sunglasses by Riviera. Double-belted brown knit, left: a really cool slash from the high peaked neckline, and a gleaming show of skin—barely outshone here by the double round of belt. By Lotte, in polyester. About $70. Saks Fifth Avenue. Palacio belt (own belt not shown). Latinas sandals. Hat, this page: Adolfo. Bare-midriff brown linen, above right: collarless top, flaring skirt, and lots of shining skin between—the only link in sight is a gilt chain circling low on the hip. Dress by Oscar de La Renta Boutique. About $85. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Belt by House of Joy. Latinas sandals. Flap-pocket-linen brown shirt and white skirt, right: nothing looks browner than brown with white—and nothing looks better right now. By Nan Herzlinger, in Moygashel linen. Shirt, about $23; skirt, about $36. Altman's Studio 3. Hat by Mr. John. Rings by Bruce Rudow. Belt jewel by Palacio.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Ruffle-shirted brown weskit-dress, below: one of summer's most delightful coups—a dirndl-skirted dress with a weskit swinging open on cotton organdie frills. By Charles Cooper, in textured silk. About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Vendôme earrings. Apex Art belt. Ruffle-wrapped brown-and-white print dress, right: a surplice swirl of white voile frills breezing down and far to one side—so the narrow bodice looks narrower still on the dirndl-gathered cotton voile dress. By Pat Sandler, in Fisher & Gentile fabric (brown belt not shown). About $90. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz; J. W. Robinson. Napier earrings. White belt by Calderon. Scarf-looped Dynel hairpieces by Reid-Meredith.

GREAT WITH SUN SHINE-
THE WHITE- RUFFLED
BROWNS



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

GREAT WITH SUN SHINE—
THE LONG-SLEEVED PRINTS

Billow-sleeved bandana print, above, blowing clear from sunny shoulders in giant puffs to each wrist—a Down Easterner's snatch of kerchiefs and all of them blue but one: the red bandana knotted snug about the waist. Dress by James Douglas Goodson, in bandana cotton. About $25. At Abracadabra. Loose-sleeved Egyptian print, right: a hieroglyphed frieze of lotus flowers planted row on row—and orange on black and white—straight across the chiffon bodice and the full-swinging Fibranne skirt. Dress by Burke-Amey, in Sormani chiffon and Fibranne. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Sandals by Aliata. And, on both pages, hair streaming straight down with Dynel hairpieces by Reid-Meredith.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI




FRANCO RUBARTELLI

GREAT WITH SUN SHINE – WESKIT, SHIRT SLEEVES

Shepherd's weskit and flowing shirt sleeves far left, bright as a Serbian peasant's zouave colours swirl over an open silk weskit shepherding its own white silk crêpe shirt and full gathered skirt—the long sash is wrapped as a headband. All, by Kiki Hart. About $160. At Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Bead ropes at the waist by Pakula and Lilija. Sandals by Bernardo. Silk organza shirt sleeves, left: a vivid breeze of a shirtdress like no other you've ever seen—double-breasted beneath open-throated revers. Shirtdress by Harold Levine, in Fisher & Gentile silk. About $100. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. Vendôme earrings. Aliata sandals. Russian-throatbanded shirtdress, above—chrome yellow billowing out to wide folds—from elbow to banded wrist, from high waist to jaunty hem. Dress by Gayle Kirkpatrick, in Arnel and nylon knitted crêpe (Blue Ridge-Winkler fabric). About $70. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Rings by Vendôme and Napier. Sant 'Angelo foot chains. On both pages: Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.



GREAT WITH SUN SHINE—
FRESH-FLOWER WINDFALLS

Fresh-printed flowers fluttering to the ground, left—roses, violets, and African daisies tumble every which way over butterfly-bright white—in a narrow plummeting whirl from the deep and breezy cowl neck. Ban-Lon dinner dress and print, both: Ken Scott, in nylon. Lord & Taylor; I Magnin. Fresh-embroidered flowers clustering to mid-calf, right: a romantic smother of colour—leafy yellow and red roses—turn yellow organza into a petit point canvas; the pinafore slips over a pale pink silk shirt, loosing red velvet Romney streamers to the four summery winds. Three-quarter-length dinner dress by Chester Weinberg, in Forster-Willi embroidered silk. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Swanson's; Frost Bros. Flower jewellery by Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique. The tassel coiffure and the windblown locks are both full of romance and Reid-Meredith Dynel falls.



FRANCO RUBARTELLI

GREAT WITH SUN SHINE –
THE WHITE
CULOTTE DRESS

Fly-front white, left, flipping straight down from the little tab collar to the great leggy pleat; double-buttoned cuffs on the long shirt sleeves. Fly-front culotte dress, with deep flap pockets, by Ginori, in rayon. About $70. At Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Van Rouge Indian discs, to order at Henri Bendel. Monet gilt chains. Sunglasses by Oliver Goldsmith. Zip-front white, above, going ever so big on patch pockets and ever so small on sleeves—a fast pleat-kicking yard or so of Paisley cotton brocade in the sunniest white-on-white relief. Zip-front culotte dress by Samuel Robert, in Sheraton-TSM cotton brocade. About $125. At Bonwit Teller. Sunglasses by Delacroix. Flap-pocket white, right, buttoned and belted with Safari snap —the pockets flap two before, two behind, on a sleeveless little noon-sun culotte dress. By Ginala, in rayon. About $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee; Neiman-Marcus. Sunglasses by Riviera. Here and above: big brassy medallions by Sona The Golden One getting the hang of gilt Monet and Ruza Creations chains.

Mandarin-collared shirtdress, below: pale pink thrown open on a peek of bright sunlit skin—the row of little gilt balls unbuttons to a deeper glimpse if you like. By Junior Sophisticates, in Kodel and cotton (Earl-Loom fabric). About $65. Belt: Christian Dior for Abbe Creations. Both, Henri Bendel. Dress, also Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres; Gidding-Jenny. Riviera sunglasses. Flash-slash nightshirt dress, right: flax-pale linen slashed wide open on a torrent of sunlit chains—the shirt placket takes its white-taped line from white-taped collar, epaulettes, long cuffed sleeves. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture, in Moygashel linen. About $90. Lord & Taylor; Sanger-Harris; I. Magnin. All the gilt-flashed chains by Sant' Angelo. Pakula bracelet.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

GREAT WITH SUN SHINE—
THE OPEN-THROATED
SHIRTDRESSES

PRETTINESS—

WET AND WILD

For wilder and prettier shores now: beach-looks pretty as party dresses, made of dress-up fabrics—organdie, matelassé, bouclé textures—in the curviest, snappiest little shapes. Romance lives. And swims....

CURLY RUFFLES, right, of pleated white nylon—a pretty-girl touch rippling around the strapless top of a black maillot. By Cole of California, of Bandura textured nylon (Beaunit fabric); about $28. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Neiman-Marcus.

KIMONO SUIT, left, a little white jumpsuit that could jump right into the pool—or cover a bikini for lunch. A V-neck slanted to deep sleeves, buttons down the front, a high-tied sash, all of Arnel sharkskin. By Malia Hawaii, of Folker fabric; about $20. At Altman's; Halle Bros.; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. What the skin wears, on these pages: After Tan, a lotion-for-later that keeps a tan glowing, keeps skin blooming. By Alo-Cosmetics—who also make Fashion Tan, a moisturizing and shielding suntan lotion for before and during sun hours. All coiffures, floating up and out like mermaids', by Ara Gallant. Real hairpieces by Abbot Tresses.

AVEDON

PRETTINESS— WET AND WILD



GARDEN-PARTY ORGANDIE, left, shaped like the prettiest little dancing dress with folded top, rounded skirt, a sash of black satin ribbon. By Elisabeth Stewart, of white cotton organdie; about $40. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Goldwaters; Bullock's-Wilshire. MATELASSÉ, right, in white nylon jersey for a maillot like a snowy little exercise suit—small sleeves, high rounded neck. This, with lots of belt possibilities: it comes with one of black patent, any others may apply. Suit by Sandcastle, of Caprolan nylon (J. P. Stevens fabric); about $35. Available July 1, at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; I. Magnin.

AVEDON



PRETTINESS— WET AND WILD

AVEDON

FLIRTY LITTLE SKIRT, opposite, flared and flounced at the hem, tied at the waist over the tiny pants of a bikini with a pretty curve of bra. All, in a dress-up fabric—white cotton matelassé, textured in big herringbones. By Monika for Elon, in junior sizes. Bikini, $18; skirt, $16. Both: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; J. W. Robinson.

OH, IT'S NOTHING, left, just two particles of nubby-textured white that smooth, like velvety skin, over lengths of bareness. Bikini by Brigance for Sinclair, of acrylic and Du Pont nylon. $20 at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Gus Mayer; Bullock's-Wilshire.


SUMMER
OF YELLOWS
GLINTING ACROSS
PARIS NIGHTS



Daffodil crêpe caftan
winged by white ostrich, left,
in a far-sweeping flurry of feathers
over columnar white crêpe—
the caftan's diamanté bands shimmer
along each arm and each edge
where crêpe and ostrich meet.
Evening caftan and dress by Dior,
in Abraham's thick silk-and-wool crêpe.
Dress, at Bergdorf Goodman.
Dior earrings and slippers.
Stockings by Hanes.
Golden organza duster misted over
flowers, right, softly as sun-shot
air; the shirt-sleeved coat is buttoned
to the ankle, half-concealing
the garden beneath
—a ravishing strapless dress
smothered in pink and yellow
confectionery blossoms
and a sprinkling of crystal dew.
Evening duster and dress
by Patou; Lesage double organza
and Lesage embroidery.
Earrings by Lina Baretti. Phoenix
stockings. Roger Vivier slippers,
to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Both coiffures by Ara Gallant.

AVEDON



SUMMER OF
FEATHERS
WINGING ACROSS
PARIS NIGHTS

Navy and white ostrich winging it up,
left, short and splashy as can be—
the feathers, for fun,
are all upside down so they whir
out into the night.
Judith McCann earrings.
Black and white ostrich plumaging
on down, right, the length of two
black panels, of Fortrel
jersey (Waumbec fabric),
one in front and one in back;
they're held snugly just under
the bosom and fly out free
from there—a great way for sidelong
glances to glimpse the maillot
and bare legs beneath.
The short and the long of these
Paris feather dresses, both by Lanvin.
Feathers by Judith Barbier.
Coiffures, both pages, by Ara Gallant.



AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The drag towards peace talks, the impatience towards a finish, the massive linkage of Viet Nam to fighting in the cities. . . . The remarkable coincidence of Governor Nelson Rockefeller's haverings about running for the Republican nomination and the appearance of the song "Cinderella Rockefella," composed by Nancy Ames and Mason Williams but sung by two knock-out Israeli singers, Esther and Abi Ofarim. . . . The new English record, full of romanticism, simplicity, and musicianship, *The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*, played and sung by The Incredible String Band, which includes among its instruments, a sitar, dulcimer, harpsichord, hammer, and whistles. . . . The handsome, linear sculptures by Ralph M. Tate who has translated some of President Kennedy's extraordinary doodles, some on White House stationery, into strong statements in bronze, steel, aluminum, wood, and brass; at the Tate show now at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery in New York the original doodles are shown with the sculptures.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Richard Harris album *A Tramp Shining* in which the Harris voice turns in a mushy farina performance with self-pitying, fake-poetry lyrics—the kind of music loved perhaps by coffin salesmen at Forest Lawn. . . . Underground newspapers all over this country and in London where the *International Times* ran this headline: "Acid (L.S.D.) Burned a Hole in My Genes." . . . *Golden Rainbow*, a musical, with its stars, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, who have enthralled wide-eyed happy audiences apparently new to the theatre, none of them readers of the critics who are supposed to have a life-and-death hangman's noose over Broadway but whose Byzantine power is denied by the number of crippled but surviving shows. . . . The aching lyricism, the rousing excitement of the *Pre-Dawn to Sunrise Ragas* on the Connoisseur Society record, played superbly by Ustad Ali Akbar Khan on the sarod (an Indian lute) with, on the tabla, Pandit Mahapurush Misra.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The New York service Dial-a-Demonstration that provides immediate notice of each week's demonstrations for anything from a university protest to Peace in Viet Nam; the telephone number is WA 4-6315. . . . The new book *The Center: People and Power in Political Washington* in which Stewart Alsop gossips with candour and wit and some inside knowledge about the frailties of the capital, mentioning that the voters, "a remarkably ignorant and prejudiced lot," get better Congressmen than they deserve; at one point Alsop retells the story of the time when a presumptuous Congressman passed his hand over the bald head of Nicholas Longworth, then Speaker of the House, saying: "Feels just like my wife's bottom." To that Longworth answered thoughtfully: "By Golly, it does, doesn't it?"

GEORGE M. GREY, KID The heart of some of the brain of *George M!*, a provincial musical now in New York, is Joel Grey, as George M. Cohan, who is more Grey than Cohan but almost equally engaging. Grey, too, is a song and dance man with a wide steady stripe of sadness in his voice when he needs it. No mumbler, no stumbler, Grey sings out with his voice plaided with tenderness, tension, dances the old tap dances with vigour and intricate complications. As disorganized as spilled applesauce, *George M!* is too loud, too brassy and unsubtle, too amateur; but its magical ingredients are the songs and lyrics that George M. Cohan wrote, aided by the skills and charms of Joel Grey. *Right:* Cohan as a young man in the family vaudeville act The Four Cohans in which the Cohans toured for years through the "jay towns" as Cohan later called every place in the country except New York City. He had his own eccentricities; he called everyone kid, he never wore makeup, his head swayed from side to side, dancing to an internal rag time, even if there was no music; he liked his own songs, his own dances; he liked writing his musicals and his plays, and producing and directing them. He was a true believer in little Georgie Cohan. Although he never cared much for failure, he knew it. In 1904 when he starred in *Little Johnny Jones*, which he wrote, et cetera, basing it on the real difficulties of a real American jockey, Tod Sloan, who had been unfairly accused of throwing the Derby in England, he gave the show two of his most famous songs, "Give My Regards to Broadway" and "The Yankee Doodle Boy." That musical ran for only fifty-two performances in New York on its first showing. A one-key composer who knew only four chords in the black key of F-sharp, Cohan knew enough to keep going magnificently for some twenty-five years. During that time he wrote "Over There," really just a bugle call, "Mary Is a Grand Old Name," and "You're a Grand Old Flag." Cohan, a convivial man, loved all Broadway and its special people, including politicians. A great friend of Big Tim Sullivan, the Tammany boss, Cohan enjoyed the Sullivan chowder outings and frequently obliged with a song and dance. At sixty-four, Cohan, born poor and Irish in an attic in Providence, Rhode Island, died rich, lost, and bitter in his Fifth Avenue apartment in 1942. To tell that story, *George M!* rambles along like a wayward dog. To play Cohan, Joel Grey has the Cohan nasal twang, talks out of the side of his mouth, and is as funny with his legs as the original; but his strut is not exactly the strut Cohan made famous, for he used to bend forward, then go across the stage in an arrogant, speedy, stiff-legged, wide-legged way, totally appealing.



SNOWDON

THE *private dialect* OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

I remember an old film about Alcatraz or Sing Sing or somewhere, in which Wallace Beery, having organized the killing of several warders, broken up the prison hospital, and kicked the deputy governor in the guts, said in his defense: "I was only kiddin'." I've never gone so far, but I fear that my own kind of kidding may be the death of me. Like giving a college lecture on a purely fictitious Elizabethan dramatist called Grasmere Tadworth (1578-1621). Like writing a pseudonymous review of one of my own books. Like, when asked by the editors of *Who's Who* to give the names of my clubs, answering with Toby's Gym, the Nudorama Strip Club, the Naked City and so on. This is not really funny. When the same editors asked me for hobbies, I gave *wife* as one of them, and they let that go through. There it is now, perpetuated from edition to edition, waiting for *Who Was Who*, and sooner or later I was bound to be asked what the hell I meant, mean.

It's tempting to retreat into that high-school thicket of evasiveness, the dictionary. Thus, my wife is a small species of falcon, *falco subbuteo*. My wife is a horse of middle size, a pacing horse, a stick or figure of a horse on which boys ride. My wife is (Old French *hobin*) a stupid fellow. All right, all right, stop fooling about; try the definition "favourite pursuit" and don't, for God's sake, say: "Ha ha, I stopped pursuing her a long time ago."

I recognize a number of horrible possibilities, most of them appropriate to the evenings and weekends after the honeymoon, but those are not really applicable. The other possibilities are sentimental, so I reject those too. Popular songs used to approach the woman-in-one's-life as something of either gold or silver—nubile nymph or fulfilled mother—but they never hymned her in middle age. In middle age she has none of the properties of a cult. Not being an icon, she is not a thing. She resists being used and she resists being worshipped; she is at her most human.

My wife and I have now been married over twenty-six years, and I recognize that by the standards of our milieu—an artistic one—we have not played quite fair. We should have changed partners at least once before now, and there was a time, just after World War Two, when we tried. That was a period of almost mandatory disruption, and there was no shortage of new marital opportunities. But things went wrong; she and I found it more interesting to discuss what we proposed doing than actually to do it. The prospect of learning somebody else's language, of building up new mythologies from scratch, seemed shamefully wasteful. So we just carried on as we were, carry on as we are.

The lure of a fresh young body seems to me quite irrelevant to questions of marriage; the desire to regenerate one's glands is only a valid excuse for divorce in communities where adultery is a civil crime. A marriage is really a civilization in miniature, and one breaks up a civilization at the peril of one's soul. The vital element in any civilized community is language, and without language there can be no marriage. By language I mean something more subtle, and much less useful, than the signals of commerce and the directives of the law: I mean sounds, noises, grunts, idioms, jokes, bits of silliness, inconsequential stupidities which affirm that a special *closed* community exists. They are a sort of shorthand way of summing up a whole complex of feelings; time (history, if you like) has given them a meaning; they totally resist translation.

They can be explained, but then their significance disappears. Explain a joke, and there is no laughter. Explain a poem, and the poem dissolves into nonsense. If, at a party, I am asked to play the piano, and if I play the piano for too long, my wife has only to call "Mary!" for me to stop playing. The reference is to the scene in *Pride and Prejudice* where Mr. Bennet says, to his piano-playing daughter, "Mary, you have delighted us long enough." This is a fairly public example of marital shorthand; the private ones tend to wither in the air of disclosure. "Blue, honey?" doesn't mean what it says. It's a common

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

memory from some old trashy woman's magazine story, invoked in mockery during a needless posture of depression. A reversion to dialect (the Lancashire *aye*, for instance, instead of the Southern English *yes*) denotes an instinctive testing of a metropolitan pretension (our own or someone else's) against the earthier standards of my, or her, regional background.

I needn't labour this point about the marital language, or about the marital mythology which contains characters from literature or films, real relatives, the fat Birmingham woman who said "I down't eat enough to keep a baird aloive," the man who comes into the pub belching, dead cats, living dogs, the Holy Ghost. Every married man or woman knows what I mean, but may not be willing to see the importance of it. It can only be built up over a long tract of time, and after a quarter of a century it can become rich, subtle and allusive as Shakespeare's English, though less long-winded. But, unlike literature, it is relaxed, and it promotes relaxation. It can even encompass long silences broken by noises, rude gestures, lines of filthy doggerel, rows of isolated vowel-sounds, bursts of *bel canto*, exaggerated tooth-picking.

I seem to derive as much spare-time fulfillment from this sort of unproductive communion as other men get from boats, golf, stamp collecting, and drilling holes in the kitchen wall. Working at home as I do, I'm prepared to waste a whole morning on it; it's a two-way communicative process, which is more than can be said for hammering at a typewriter. It can be helped along with games of Scrabble, gin, doing the crossword in the morning paper, kicking the dog's flank with one's bare foot, seeing how long one can hold one's breath. It ends with guilt and astonishment when the Angelus is tolled at midday from the nearby church; the shopping has not been done, lunch is unprepared (but does one deserve lunch?), not one word has been fired at the sheet in the typewriter. A hobby shouldn't get in the way of one's work.

Am I using this term *hobby* correctly? It probably denotes a sub-creative process, like constructing model cathedrals out of matches, and it goes more easily with plurals than with singulars. *Wives*, as with some notable serial polygamist, fits better than *wife*, and it connotes collection as well as sub-creation (very sub: a brief marriage is hardly worth the making). There's also a strong whiff of the impersonal, or depersonalized, about it. I see now that, hobbled by *hobby*, I've presented my wife as a very intricately programmed phatic communicatrix (or whatever the sociological jargon is). Let me straighten out my own usage.

We talk about our hobbies because we're shy of mentioning the word *vocation*—unless we earn money from a vocation, when it promptly turns into a profession. And yet a lot of hobbies are true vocations—the fugues composed by the nightclub pianist, the paintings of a customs officer called Rousseau, the house that the bank clerk builds on summer evenings. In this term *vocation*, creation and religion combine. If one has a vocation for writing lyric poetry when the shop is shut for the day, one may also have a vocation for the priesthood. I think I have a vocation for gaining the maximal social fulfillment, which means communicative fulfillment, which means even a kind of spiritual fulfillment, out of living with a particular woman. But, frightened of the big words, and also incurably facetious, I have to talk of my wife as a hobby—the culminating item in a list that contains piano-playing, musical composition, and language-learning. Yet the term *hobby* is not really inept, since it implies enjoyment and not just, like *vocation*, a sort of pretension to uplift. One of Kingsley Amis's characters talks about going to bed with his wife as being ennobling but also good fun—as though some stunning work of literature were also a good read. That will do pretty well for most levels of marital intercourse.

My *Who's Who* avowal has been taken by some people as a misprint. Once I had to give an after-dinner speech, and the chairman, introducing me, said that *wife* was undoubtedly meant to be *wine*. The right facetious response is to say that a wife transubstantiates life into wine. The right highbrow response would take in the new communication philosophers—Marshall McLuhan in America and Roland Barthes in France—and point out that the basis of living is semiological, which means concerned with all possible modes of human signalling—from vulgar lip-noises to sublime poetry. In a marriage, you have an opportunity to erect the most subtle and exact semiological system civilization is capable of. It takes a long time, but it's worth it. So, apart from what else she is, my wife continues to be my non-professional vocation. Or, not to leave the fun out, my hobby. I hope to God I continue to be hers.

IN POLITICS: THE YOUNG ACT





PATRICK LICHFIELD

"FANTASTIC EXCITEMENT. PEOPLE WHO SAT AROUND ARE OUT RINGING DOORBELLS AND GETTING THEIR HAIR CUT. YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHO STANDS FOR WHAT. IT'S ALL WE TALK ABOUT." HERE, TEN OF THE YOUNG IN CAMPAIGNS.

Never before like this: so many young, so nationally flung, and so saturated in campaigns. "In 1960 the young were aroused by one man, John Kennedy, and some of them by Goldwater in 1964," a law student said. "Now they rise to issues." A senior at the University of Wisconsin explained it in the quotation, *above*. The chain reaction leading to this explosion of young power is history: The big issues—war in Viet Nam and civil rights—hit the young exactly where they live. Senator Eugene McCarthy's decision to run offered a new flag to follow. The New Hampshire primary with McCarthy's triumph pinned to the young proved that their power counts—wherever they may place it. Now the young run for all the candidates for the Presidential nomination, and all the candidates run partly on the young. Unlike television time or funny hats, young power can not be bought. It is given. Even paid staff members in their twenties give—in uncluttered idealism and energy: They have no worn edges. The people photographed on these four pages are possibly exceptional in the degree and influence of their efforts, but they represent a joyous horde.

MARY ABIGAIL McCARTHY, *above,* nineteen years old this month, was the first of Senator Eugene McCarthy's four children to make his campaign her life. Some think—sometimes she thinks—she drove him to run in the first place. A small, quiet, wry girl, on leave of absence from Radcliffe College where she majors in political science ("and don't laugh," she said), Mary McCarthy sees the issues in unshaded black and white, but shutters the almost fierce blast of her convictions with an oblique humour like her father's. She travels calmly, often alone, across the country "wherever I'm wanted" to talk at ladies' coffees, colleges, radio shows. She doesn't plan much: "If you have to think of things to do, you haven't anything to do," she said. She gloried in the New Hampshire primary, "I've never seen Dad so happy and so healthy—saying exactly what he thought." Mary McCarthy thinks like her father and, like him, says exactly what she thinks.

MARINA AND THOMAS J. DEEGAN, III, *left,* twenty-four and twenty-six years old, declared for Kennedy the day Senator Robert F. Kennedy declared. Thomas Deegan took leave from his work in public relations and snapped into a seven-day week as office manager of Kennedy's New York headquarters. His gentle, pretty wife, Marina, who looks as if she would vaporize under pressure and doesn't, works near him, scheduling volunteers in a scruffy, barny room which, like all temporary political headquarters, is largely decorated with no-period desks, telephone wires, and used coffee cups. Marina and Tom Deegan met at Georgetown University where he was slanted to the foreign service, she to nursing. During his two years in the army they lived in West Germany, chose Kennedy because "he can regain our international dignity." What next? Who has time to think?

JACK ROBINSON

THE YOUNG ACT

SAM BROWN (1.), at twenty-four, is one of the sung heroes of McCarthy's New Hampshire campaign. In his staff job coordinating students for McCarthy, he takes no credit for the students' energy ("It's a Happening"), but hopes, he said, "to help make the energies make sense." Blue-eyed, curly-haired, with a wholly unmannered Midwestern voice, Sam Brown grew up in Iowa, went to college in California, took his M.A. at Rutgers in New Jersey, and spent a year and a half at Harvard Divinity School. He is, in depth, a crusader, an activist for peace who joined what became McCarthy's campaign, the Alternative Candidate Task Force, before McCarthy did. A sensible crusader, he campaigns on the side for better food for volunteers: "They'll all get scurvy if they don't eat something besides peanut butter and jelly."

JEFF GREENFIELD (2.), just twenty-five, works at double pressure as a member of Robert Kennedy's regular staff and doing "anything to get him elected." Brilliant, slightly fierce in manner, blond and cherubic in looks, Jeff Greenfield thinks, talks, writes, and types a streak: He leans naturally into speech writing. After the University of Wisconsin, he graduated from Yale Law School where he edited the law journal. In the broil of the campaign he is writing a book on rock 'n' roll and getting married to a girl he met at a student editors' conference—"One of the few good things to come out of one of those."

KATHLEEN HAYNES AND BRUCE P. KELLY (3.), at the ages of twenty-two and twenty-three, were for weeks the entire staff of Choice Rockefeller, the national, campus-oriented wing of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller's undeclared campaign. Bruce Kelly, who got doused in politics as president of the student body at New York University, graduated as an English major because "political science is draggy." But politics isn't. He sheds energy as a clock sheds ticks: "Until this election, I had a terrible feeling of futility." His assistant, Kathleen Haynes, a delicious, wide-eyed brunette, magnificently efficient, studied dance at Bennington College and still fits in a dance class a day, although no one knows quite how: For her and Bruce Kelly an easy work day, any day, runs until midnight.

STANLEY HOPFAN (4.), twenty-four, settled into the campaign for Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey early in April when that campaign was only a rumor. A veteran of the war in Viet Nam where he served as an airman first class, Stanley Hopfan is now a senior at Long Island University and an established Humphrey full-time volunteer. Compact, unassuming, assured, Stanley Hopfan has an easy way with kids whose political force he takes seriously. Waiting for Humphrey's campaign to roll, he practised on the campaigns of Brooklyn Democrats, warming up, in this photograph, with a porch full of teen-agers: "It's up to you to let people *know* about your candidate."

PATRICK J. BUCHANAN AND DWIGHT CHAPIN (5.), twenty-nine and twenty-six, have become in two years dug-in members of Richard M. Nixon's staff. Pat Buchanan, once a newspaper editorial writer in St. Louis, gets into everything: research, issues, press relations; his fifth limb, the telephone. Inexhaustible, determined, all-out, he said, "Anyone who hedges his bets in something like this can't win." Dwight Chapin, Nixon's personal aide, handles his appointments and runs—to be where Nixon needs him before Nixon gets there and still there when Nixon leaves. A Kansan tucked into Republican politics since he helped to organize the University of California campus at Los Angeles in 1960, Dwight Chapin has cheered the rise of political awareness in colleges across the country. "I've never seen anything like it," he said. "Ideology turns the young on."





SUMMER: THE 90-DAY BEAUTY TREATMENT



For timing Les Heures de Bronzage, a big wristwatch with Michel Mouse in charge—and a big blow-up for detail. Watch by Timex; about $13 at Macy's. Coiffure with shiny braids and bows, designed by Sant' Angelo. Dynel braids, by Reid-Meredith.

Soft little summer cover—a polo shirt of white knitted cotton, to wear with a wide white tie, a big watch, a white denim mini-skirt. Shirt, $13; skirt of Graniteville cotton denim, $14. Both by Jones New York, at Henri Bendel. Tie by Ruza Creations. Watch by Endura.



Summer is a good time. To give in to yourself. To forget. To be changed. "Essentially, you are willing to be changed, to let the sun change you," one beauty mused, deliciously. "Rest in it. It is very quiet there. You have no other responsibility in the world when you are under it. Except to be changed." . . . Summer is a beauty treatment—all the great outdoors, open for three lovely months. The equipment, ready to use—a ninety-day wonder of sun, water, air. . . . A good time for hair, because it grows faster in the warmth. Good time to grow out a short cut or colour. To condition *sur la plage* under a beach turban. To try a Cadogan. . . . Good time to acquire new habits. To make friends with the mineral waters. Start new eating patterns with fresh fruits and greens. Learn some of the thousand variations of iced tea and tisanes. Replace cocktails with frosty wine inventions. Embark on something as interesting as the new California Wine Diet, which makes its points with fruits; vegetables; dry wine at lunch, dinner, and bedtime; two glasses of water an hour before each meal. . . . A good time to free the feet—of leather and stockings and bruises and bumps. To first make them seaworthy at the podiatrist and then exercise them in the wet sand, to walk them an extra mile a day. That extra mile (8-10 city blocks) should shed in the 90 days of summer near 3 pounds of you. . . . Summer's a wonderful place for jogging, the relaxed running that works for your circulation and respiration as well as your figure. If outdoors isn't handy, there's Pace-Setter, a new portable treadmill machine with pedometer, to jog on pleasantly indoors ($99 from Reynolds Metals, 6601 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.). . . . Summer's a good time to explore whimsey. Start with Tatu by Huckleberry Tomorrow—amusing skin décals you wash on, cream off. . . . Summer's a good time to let fragrance reign, let it pour. To drench yourself and your house frostily in prettiness. Fragrance to inject (if it's cologne) in your Walton wall humidifier. Yes, beauty might well benefit from a house humidifier, even in summertime. Sun, water, and air conditioning gang up against moisture in skin, steal some of its youth. (Here's a way to discover a room's need for humidification. Drop 3 ice cubes into a glass, add water, stir. If, after 3 minutes, there is no moisture on the outside of the glass—humidify.) . . . Which brings us to the defensive measures (Continued on page 127)

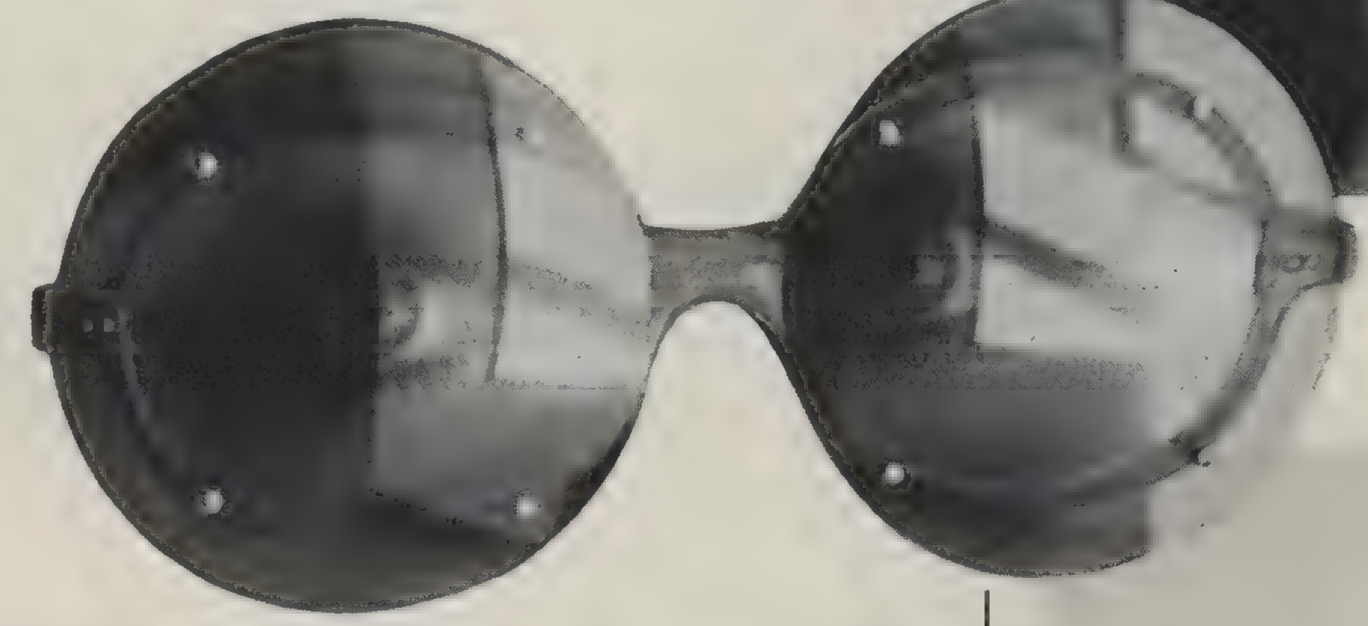
Important summer scenery—screenery, to save skin from overdoses of sun and wind. (For more exactitude on these overdoses, see main text, starting left.) Several screeners, opposite. . . . A tie-on visor that shades eyes, covers hair, has a charming peaked shape (shown again, lower left) that seems ready for jousting. Down from this, big white-rimmed sunglasses, and news for fragile skins that can't abide sun—Ultra-Violet Screening Creme, a sun-squelcher from Estée Lauder to wear under makeup any time, not just at the beach. Total sun protection, and a nice moisturizing, is the sensible result. Good for willing sunners, too, when nose or cheekbones get too far ahead. More laudable Lauder news: Water-repellent Surf Creme for outdoorsy skins that want a tan . . . take back your burn, your salt sting and wind. And now, Greaseless Tanning Spray for goddesses who want to be cast in bronze, speedily but safely. Keeps skin soft, keeps danger-rays out. Cotton head-wrap by and at Lilly Pulitzer; about $6. Also at Lord & Taylor. Sunglasses by Riviera. FENN





SUMMER: THE 90-DAY BEAUTY TREATMENT

(Continued from page 124) of summer. The products of science and the medical knowledge that enable beauty to flourish wantonly in summer without fear of wilt and shrivel. So: this is a good moment to bone up on *les heures de bronzage,* as those yummy hours are called on the Riviera, where you'll see them posted in shop windows, printed on beach towels.



"In circles" sunglasses—pretty shades for summer, with lenses going beyond the frames. By Renauld.

In the Northern Hemisphere, sun intensity is greatest in June and July, reaches a maximum on June 21, is correspondingly less before and after, which is why you can acquire a more severe sunburn at the beginning of May than at the end of August. . . . 10 to 2 are the burning-tanning hours, and it is unlikely that sun before 8 or after 4 will pinken you. . . . The intensity of the burning rays decreases with increasing distance from the Equator, increase with altitude. . . . You can not burn or tan through a closed window. For glass screens out colouring-rays. . . . Here's the sun clock for an untanned white skin, basking motionless and unoiled in Midwestern sun around a June noontime. Twenty minutes take you beyond the pale, but safely, faintly. Fifty minutes colour you crimson. One hundred minutes—and watch out. Two hundred minutes, and a bit of blistering agony may lurk in your immediate future. Sunburn reaches maximum intensity within 12 to 24 hours; a tan becomes apparent about 2 days after first exposure. . . . Now there's a something called melanin which is deeply involved with your summer behaviour. How do you get this melanin? Eat it? Squeeze it from a tube? No, your body grows it. A brown pigment produced by cells in the bottom layer of skin, it starts to work during sun exposure, surfaces as a tan to protect the skin, enables the body to take more sun. For complexions short-changed on melanin—blondes and redheads and blue eyes are often associated with these—extreme caution is the word. For any skin, a certain amount of prudence is necessary, and the cosmetics makers come up with improved prudence every year. The proper sun preparation depends on your particular melanin supply, the strength of the sun and the time spent in it, the amount of previous exposure. Analyze the descriptions and the directions. Watch for such words as "moisturizer" (very good word); "waterproof" (if not there, reapply after each dip); "faster tanning" (might mean that it will not screen out as many burning rays as a fair lady would wish it to). Complete sun stoppers are for those who want to control their tanning—to limit it totally or partially. Sungard Sunscreen Lotion, a new accomplishment by Miles Laboratories, is motivated along these lines. A fine accomplishment, indeed, since it cloaks sun-sensitive skin not only 100% securely but (Continued on next page)



Summer head—carved, rounded with sleek shining hair, thick guiches, ears in the clear. Inca-metric earrings glinting to the shoulders, by Ektor.



The seductive summer foot—bare, satiny, frosted with gleaming highlights. Prettied with ribbon at the ankle, flowers at the toes, and the bounce of a light, lively, well-balanced walk.

Every woman's private island—the pampering, glorious bath. Ideally, the time for reverie, for renewal, for divine scents and delicious repose. Ah, that island . . . passage to it, arranged by Revlon, on the next page. Bather opposite, with Dynel hair a-swirl—the dreamy concept of Sant' Angelo. Hairpieces: Reid-Meredith.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Brown rouge—for a brown summer blush, to contour and niftify a tanned summer face. With a small-coiffed head, fringed guiches. Earrings—pear-shaped white drops from a coral enamel bow—by K.J.L.; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

SUMMER: THE 90-DAY BEAUTY TREATMENT

(Continued from page 127) *invisibly*. . . . "Prevents sunburn, suntan, freckling" reads the label of Sun Creme by Irma Shorell, whose "keep-skin-young" products have found a place in the hearts of many grateful women. A rosy and opaque cream, it's water-repellent, proposes to last all day. . . . The turtle's snappy friend, Polly Bergen, added a sun screen to her illustrious Oil of the Turtle moisturizing foam, gave it an Acapulco tryout, announced, "It's the first time my Wild Irish skin didn't turn rosy and peel before it tanned." . . . Then there are the routes to brown that require no intervention by the sun. They tan by chemical action. Foamy new specimen: Indoor/Outdoor by Sea & Ski, an exuberant white froth that turns you beige indoors within 3-5 hours, filters sun outdoors. . . . Of the bronzing gels and sticks, new to be stuck on: Revlon's Moon Drops Bare Bronze, a swivel stick that eases on a brown transparency, plus a sun screen should you go out to play. . . . Three to Glow by Coty Originals: most original glowings on. Small tube holds sunny foundation cream. Tube's cap stores a luminous eye shadow and a blusher highlight. . . . *The sun and eye.* The witty spectrum of colours in the pale-tinted fashion lenses could tempt one to change one's personal outlook several times a summer day. An engaging and optically harmless pursuit is the collection of such a wardrobe as long as one switches to darker glasses on the brighter shores. Smoke, brown, and green get the eye doctor's nod for eye safety in direct sun. . . . For eye makeup survival; a wizard liquid, name of Eye-Veil, brushes on brows, eyeliner, eye shadow; keeps your eye art unmoved by water and heat through the day and well into the night. . . . Swim goggles have custody of wise eyes in chlorined pools, and visors take over for tennis and golf. . . . *Out in the sun—and hair.* "The effect of sun on hair is similar to what happens to a plastic slipcover in the sun. Plasticizer drawn out, the cover brittles. Difference is that the hair's plasticizer, water, is readily accepted by the hair again." Speaking, hair doctor. To counter this, Breck has come out with Sunbrella, a sun spray for hair that recognizes all summer hazards. A Nassau tester reported: "Sunbrella smells delicious and warm. Before, my hair *burned* light. With Sunbrella, it only *softened* light." . . . To the respected holding power of Dippity-Do Setting Gel has been joined a sun screen to do battle with sun-bleaching and drying. . . . In France they're putting olive oil on the ends of ocean-bound hair. . . . Are you dark-skinned, under 45, shot with energy, in splendid health, warm-skinned, fragrantly cologned? Ah, what a morsel you make for mosquitoes. That we learned from a "Whom-do-mosquitoes-love" test Union Carbide worked up to celebrate the new foam version of "6-12" Insect Repellent, a matter that should take some bite out of summer. . . .

Tree-shaded eyes for summer—and Penelope does it thus: Fake lower lashes, same length all the way across, cut from a ready-made strip in clusters of two or three. Applied with adhesive under her own lower lashes, curling down. Uses only mascara on upper lashes. For lids, white and dark-brown cream stick.



BERT STERN

After-bath of it all—a fresh-all-over glow, ready for the barest dress . . . this glow caught by Nancy Sinatra of the laughing face and trim tiny body, opposite, *adorable in a gleaming cholee and mini-sarong. As for the glorious bath—now it could be not Roman but Revlon, with the creation of their new Moon Drops bath collection comprising a world of bath delights: mineral, sea, milk, oil, balm, all with light lovely scents made to warm on moist naked skin. For instance: Sulphur Bath Foam—creamy amber, with the faintly medicinal smell of a hot-spring spa and all the ancient-mystic benefits: it relaxes, revitalizes, clarifies and polishes the skin. Another Moon Dropper is Seawater Bath Concentrate, blue with sea minerals, that works to exhilarate, and to release tension. The rest of the line-up—cream bath, powdered milk bath, bath oil soap, moisture balm. To add, perhaps: their seductive Naked Cologne. Sari by Annemarie Gardin, of Kaplan fabric; to order at Henri Bendel. Coiffure by Marc Sinclaire of Joyce Christopher.*

Sun gold– a chain bikini
over golden skin,
a golden face,
lamé curls



Golden girl in chains—draped to a bikini, trailing more chains like veils. Dazzling with a gold-toned face and body, gold gloss on the lips and slanted eyelids, hair of gold lamé ribbon tightly curled. The whole shining idea—gold for day, for sun-awareness, for savouring and reflecting all the going glow. Sun-gold on face and body: Bio-Miracle foundation—the shade, Miracle Sun. Eye shadow: gold-coloured Early Light over Pearl. Lipsticks, Dusk Gold over Sunshine Gold. All makeup by Germaine Monteil. . . . Secret of the slanted eyes: bits of surgical tape at the ends of a ribbon around the back of the head under hair, and attached at the temples. Gold curls are pinned to the tape. Hair-and-eyes fantasy, designed by Sant' Angelo, executed by Hugh Harrison. Bikini of Universal chains, by Sant' Angelo. Brass lamp, brass tray, big brass chain, by Sona The Golden One.





FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Gayle Hunnicutt— AND THE VARIETY OF SUMMER EVENINGS

Dresses with bareness, dresses with cover, hems in all different lengths, transparencies, feathers, ruffles—all the prettiest new summer evening looks, all worn by Gayle Hunnicutt—a sparkly new movie-star girl with auburn hair and eyes like peridots. *P.J.* was her first flick, next comes *Wylie*. The nine-tenths dress in black point d'esprit, this page: black sequins, black sash, and a full skirt falling above the ankle. William Haire for Victoria Royal. De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; Jacobson's, Michigan; J. W. Robinson. Jack Gilbert earrings. The rings by Accessocraft and Marvella. The bare midriff dress with transparency, opposite: crushed organza roses and streamers of ostrich feathers on sheer red silk organza—smidge of a top, short short skirt and nothing but you in between. By Trigère. At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. James Douglas Goodson ring, at Henri Bendel. ...and still more transparency, at left: this time on lips and fingernails, where Estée Lauder's new transparent Summer Berry-Stain shades shine sheer and clear—See-Through Sunberry Lipstick and ripe Honeyberry Nail Enamel.

BERT STERN



THE EVENING VARIETY WORN BY *Gayle Hunnicutt*



The white organdie pinafore-dress, left, splashed with big, blowy, black-bound ruffles and tied at the waist like a child's. Short evening dress by Oscar de La Renta, of cotton organdie. About $190. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne. Earrings by Michael Hic, at Henri Bendel. The lacy white pantie stockings by Cameo, at Bergdorf Goodman. The dress with the three-quarter hem, right: rustling taffeta to the middle of the calf in a black and white Lorna Doone plaid held by a shiny black patent belt—ruffles on ruffles of white organdie at the V-neck and cuffs. By Malcolm Starr. William Rose silk taffeta. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Large pearly ring by Robert Originals, at Henri Bendel. Gayle Hunnicutt's coiffures on these four pages are by Maury of Kenneth.

BERT STERN



dionne Warwick—
LONG SUMMER EVENINGS

Dresses to the ground—long on romance, and covered up everywhere. The star we're covering is Dionne Warwick, a marvellous-looking girl with wide-set, wide-open eyes, high smooth cheekbones—and a voice that's been knocking them dead since she was six. Latest knockout LP: "The Magic of Believing," just released. Now she's off on a new star-trek—next month starts work on her first movie, *The Slave*, with Ossie Davis, Stephen Boyd. White chiffon on white crêpe, left: full chiffon sleeves flowing from a high-necked crêpe halter top, yards more chiffon flowing over a high-belted silk crêpe skirt. Galanos. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lace-and-ruffles organza, right: a delicious evening dress with a high Edwardian-collared bib bodice, tightly cuffed sleeves, a wide-banded hem—in white organza with palest peach lining wherever there's lace. Dress by Sarmi. Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.



Ewa Aulin

AND THE SHORTEST SUMMER EVENINGS



Two of the breeziest little dresses you could put on for summer evenings—bouncy gingham checks and blowy chiffon—both worn by Ewa Aulin, an eighteen-year-old Swedish sugarplum with translucent grey eyes, and the movie plum of the year: good grief it's *Candy!* Gingham décolletage, left: lime-and-white checks with the briefest pouf of skirt starting just below the low squared neckline. By Fouts-Gilkes of Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $70. At I. Miller Galleria. Van Rouge earrings, to order at Henri Bendel. Pakula bracelets of twisted parchment, at Altman's. The peasant shirtdress, right, in lilac silk chiffon—a drawstring pulled through the neckline and wide wide billowy sleeves caught in at the wrists, rippled over the hands. Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia. About $60. Both coiffures: Daniel Vuolo.

BERT STERN

Men is a three-letter word

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

Let me quote: "On his flowing hair he wore a braided pillbox; his striped silk shirt was bloused; his tight white trousers were stuffed into black boots. He wore a filigree silver belt buckle, and around his neck several chains of gold. Women were overjoyed at his appearance."

That is a description of Garibaldi in London in 1864.

Several weeks ago at a party I saw a man in a brown velvet dinner jacket, an embroidered shirt worn open without a tie, a necklace of uncut topazes, a suspiciously healthy complexion, and a false goatee. Women were overjoyed at his appearance.

The hundred years that separate those two gentlemen were a long dark night in men's fashions we can certainly agree, and while it lasted, this curious and unhealthy *pudibonderie* held us in an iron grip. You remember: The colour of a suit was drab; a shoe, black; a shirt, white. You couldn't tell one necktie from another; any man who wore a wristwatch was suspect; the colour red did not exist; a haircut was just that, a haircut; and if any sport did show up—Raymond Duncan, for instance—he was labelled a nut.

But now suddenly, it seems almost overnight, a grand revolution has taken place in gents' furnishings. And not only in a man's furnishings but in his whole attitude toward his appearance, his face and hair—in short, his use of cosmetics beyond the staid fragrances.

In the last couple of years, men's cosmetics have mounted into a business doing hundreds of millions of dollars. Anything put in a bottle or a tube and labelled "Men's" will sell, especially scent.

It began, apparently, a few years ago, with a cologne called Canoe. Girls and their steady beaux both began to use it, so they could "smell alike." Manufacturers, sensing a trend, began to push other products, aimed strictly at men, and somewhat to their surprise, I hear, found the market limitless. A deluge resulted. And not only fragrances.

For men there are all sorts of conditioning creams guaranteed to mend the ravages of wind and sun and air conditioning and steam heat—and even of time. There are soaps that promise to do things that no bar of Ivory even dreamed of. There are facial masques to spread on and let harden, and when one is washed off, the whole trauma of the day at the office comes with it. There are outdoor creams to use when, let us say, you are spending the day in a duck blind, and don't want to get chapped cheeks. There are overnight creams which let you face the morning mirror looking like a ten-year-old instead of oh, God, not that again.

There are bath oils and hair sprays, there are before and after and during shaving aids, there are tonics and deodorants and colognes. There are hundreds of colognes. There are bronzing creams. After you have lifted your face and erased all the lines, you spread a little colouring agent on to make your face look as if you had spent the last month on the beach.

Now about the clothes. The next time you are on a New York subway look around at the men: the tights, the boots, the beards and beads and belts, the campaign hats, the chains, the sweaters. Every man on the car will look as if he were on his way to a costume ball. Stroll through the park or up Third Avenue, any day: The male population seems just to have escaped from a Hurok production. Or go to the core of cores, St. Marks Place: Every other man is Lawrence of Arabia from Peoria.

(It is useful to remember, for I think it has bearing on what is happening, that the century-long blight on fashion affected only the Western world. The rest of mankind went right on wearing brocades and satins and turbans and kimonos and jewels just as if grey flannel had never been invented.)

Now let us look at this Great Leap Forward. I am inclined to think it did not take place overnight. Like any proper revolution it had to have a gesta- (Continued on page 184)

THE CERRUTI STYLE

The man who's burning up the track is Antonio Cerruti. At twenty, Nino was director of Italy's best fabric mills. Now, at thirty-seven, he's the bright new star of men's clothes with the opening this year in Paris of Cerruti 1881. The shop takes its name from the year the family's mills were founded in Italy . . . it takes its style from tomorrow morning. The interior is a clean modern adventure in white tobacco and silver by the Italian architect, Vico Magistretti; the organization, brilliantly modern (a constant stock of over 2,000 suits, kept straight via IBM ticketing). The clothes themselves, according to Nino, "new in style, but not questionable . . . above all; nothing to make a man look odd." Not odd, just great. Nino Cerruti is the very model of the sort of man the Cerruti style was made for: adventurous with a razor-like mind honed by consuming interests in everything from modern technology to ancient art, skin diving to gardening, and with a quick humour that flashes out in whatever he does. The Cerruti style: now at Cerruti 1881, 3 Place de la Madeleine, Paris; The London International Airport; come autumn, at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PATRICK LICHFIELD





TAFFETA CHECKS AND PALE LACE— THE SHIRT-AND-SKIRT DRESS FOR SUMMER NIGHTS

In pale gingham-checked taffeta and lace, two of the prettiest dresses for a summer night: shirt and skirt, all in one piece, held at the waist and billowing to the floor—portraits in pastel by George Halley, with Gainsborough hats and parasols. Romantic in ribbon and lace, left: throatbanded white taffeta shirt filmed with pale-green lace; a green taffeta ribbon tied high on the waist; a long wide skirt of pale green-and-white gingham-checked taffeta. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. The parasol, from Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop. Romantic in ruffles, right: white lace bodice with a madly ruffled jabot, lace ruffles spilling over the hands...the wide-belted skirt, yards and rustly yards of pale blue-and-white gingham-checked taffeta. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Handkerchief by Lady Heritage. Both pages: Taroni silk taffeta. K.J.L. earrings: Bonwit Teller. Wide-brimmed matching hats by Mr. John. Coiffures by Suga of Kenneth.



PENN

THE NECKTIED SHIRT AND THE THREE-QUARTER SKIRT



Three-quarter skirt, mini-weskit'd and wrapped, far left, in navy-banded white sharkskin, with a navy shirt and Clyde-wide tie. Weskit, skirt, and sun-bra (not shown) by Gene Neil for Leslie Juniors, of cotton and Arnel. $35. At Robert Leader. Glentex tie: Altman's. Three-quarter skirt, weskit'd and snapped, left: trim white cotton snapped up over a sheer navy-and-white striped cotton shirt with a matching necktie. Sarff-Zumpano. Everfast cotton weskit and skirt. Shirt and weskit, each $30. Skirt, $40. At Lord & Taylor. Both pages: Round-the-Clock pantie stockings. Julianelli shoes (we added the buckles). Hats by Adolfo, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Elvira Madigan's hero inspired it, and Adolfo adapted it for this summer's heroines—Sixten's white cotton lawn shirt, above, and mile-wide black tie. Worn with an apron-tied skirt of black-and-white cotton gingham ruffling at the hem. Shirt, $30; tie, $16; skirt, $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Pakula, Sandor Goldberger rings. Coiffures all four pages: Suga of Kenneth.

PENN





THE NECKTIED SHIRT AND THE SHORT SHORT SKIRT

PENN



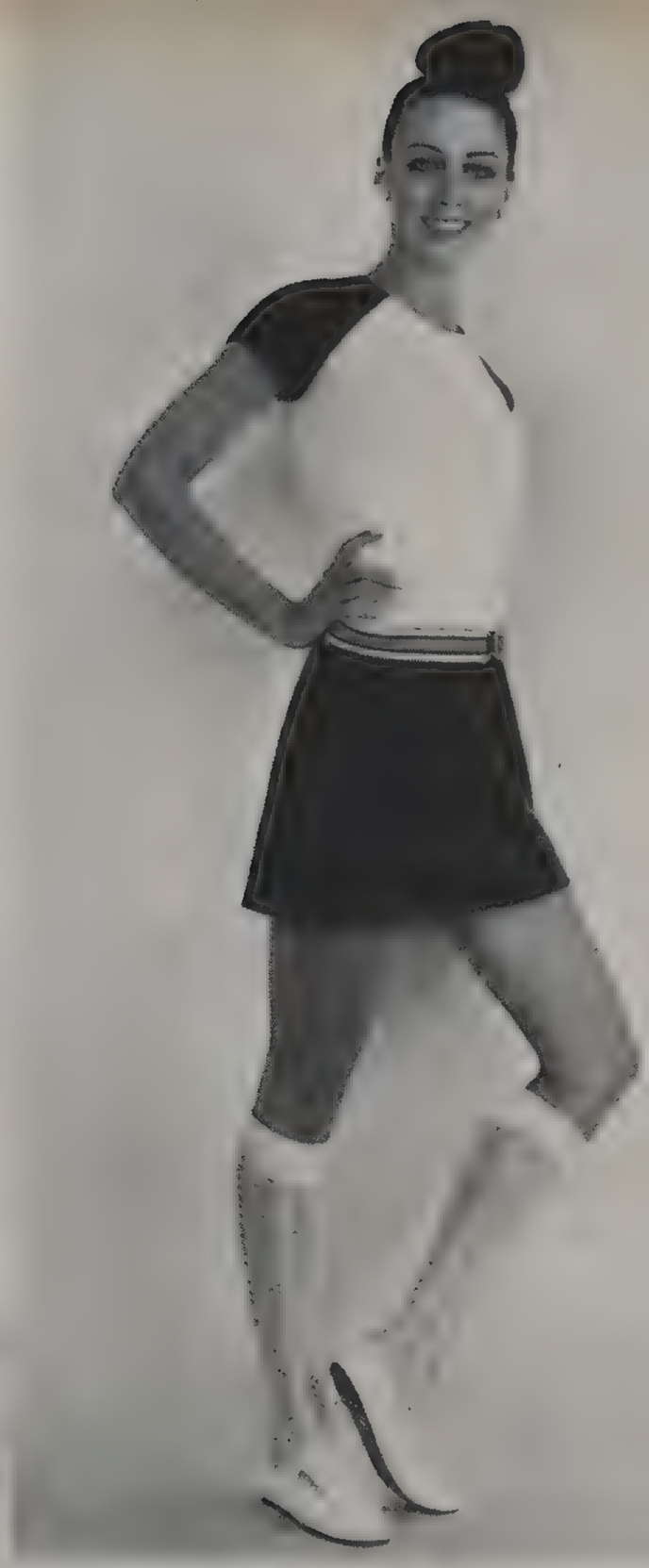
White with navy, far left: navy-and-white-striped jersey shirt zipped up under a wide white tie, tucked snug into a wide swing of brass-buttoned white linen skirt. Shirt by Ship 'n Shore, in cotton jersey. About $5. Skirt by Sloat, in Moygashel linen. About $35. Both at Bonwit Teller. Shirt, also at Dayton's. Sun-visor cap, seen close-up on page 125, by Lilly Pulitzer. Tie by Ruza Creations: Bonwit Teller. White Ganymede sandals: Latinas. Navy with white, left: navy polo shirt with white-spotted tie; navy cotton canvas skirt with touches of white. By Evan-Picone. Shirt (knitted Supima cotton) about $10; skirt, about $16. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Glentex tie, at Altman's. Nina shoes, at Dayton's.

Button-down collar, this page, for a navy jersey shirt, all the better to hold down a wide striped tie. The white linen skirt, same as far left. Shirt by Gant, of Dacron and cotton. About $11. Lord & Taylor; Burdine's. Glentex tie: Altman's. Both pages: Dynasty watches: Bloomingdale's. Archer-Nuweave knee socks (ribbon added): Henri Bendel. Sunglasses by Riviera.

KNITS NOW— AND

FOREVER

Knits for day, for evening—for whenever snapdash fashion is what you're after and lots of ease and action besides. Which is now. And next month. And next. And forever....
6 o'clock knit, black and bared: left, halter neck, crisscrossing tie at the waist and sides open to the moon—just the ticket when you're dining out first and ad-libbing the rest of the evening. Howard Lawrence for Dalton; knitted Trevira. About $50. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Harzfeld's. Beau-Craft earrings. Rings by Sant' Angelo: Bonwit Teller. Rings also by Pakula.
Dress and coat, black and white, right—white bands sharpening every edge and white loops to button the coat, if that's the way the wind is blowing. Wool mark turnout by Betty Carol for Mam'selle. About $160. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. Hengerer; Rike's; Neusteters. Marvella earrings. Evins slippers: I. Miller. Both pages: Penn-Carol tights. These six pages: Hugh Harrison coiffures.



White knit, left, with all its neat narrow lines taped out in black and held with black and white links—black bands make the point at the neck and cuffs, then race down the sides and turn corners at the slit hem. Avagolf wool knit dress. About $150. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings. Mimi di N belts: Bonwit Teller. Belle-Sharmeer knee socks. Shoes by Nina.

White knit, brown knit, above, and not a touch too much of either—just enough for a fast fling of dress belted in brown-and-white stripes. By Sylvia de Gay for Country Set, of Alamac knitted Orlon. About $23. At Franklin Simon; Woodward & Lothrop. Marvella earrings. Van Raalte white knee socks. Shoes by Nina.

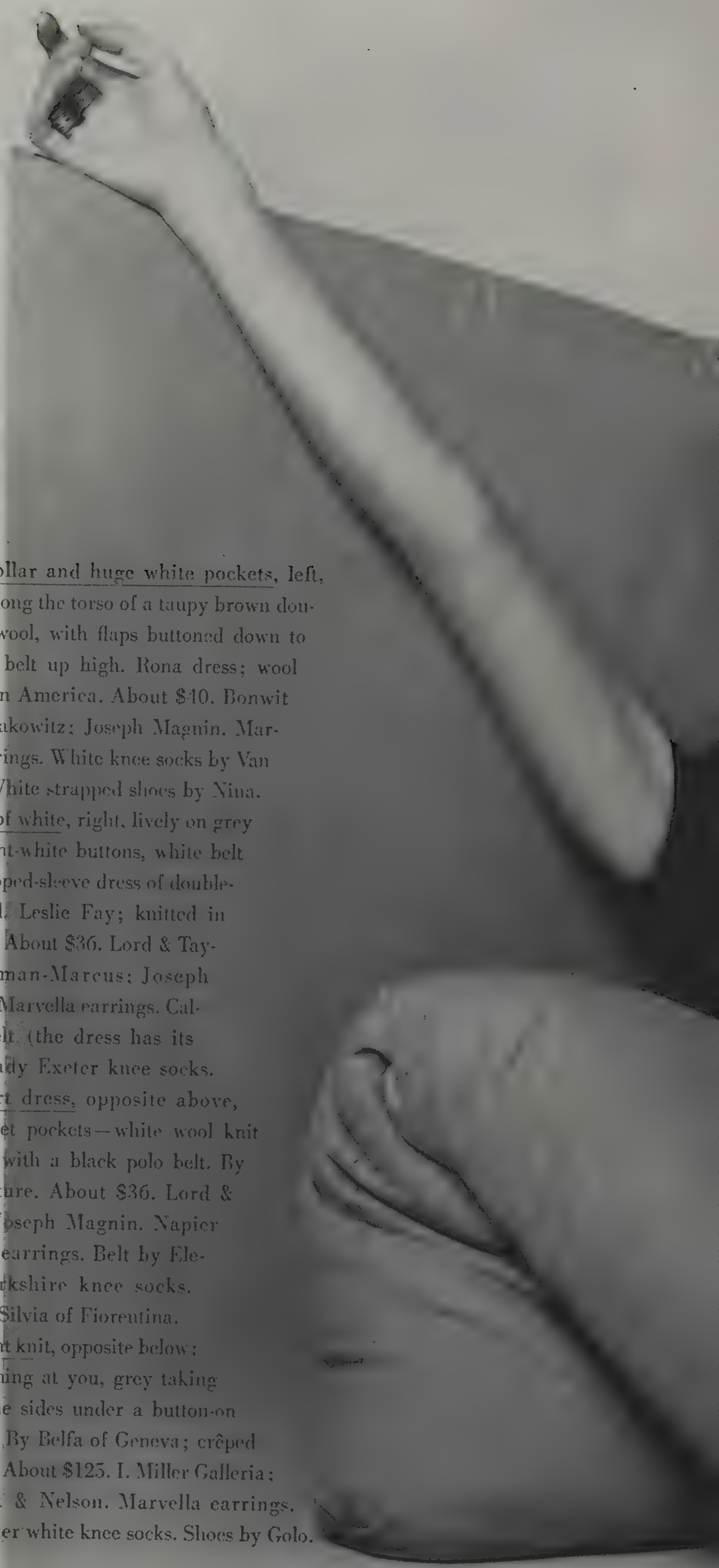
Black knit, right, cordoned off with a ribby white rectangle and white-belted. By Cadillac, of wool knit. About $60. Best & Co.; Chas. A. Stevens; Sakowitz; The Broadway. Marvella earrings. Brass-buckled belt by Elegant. Berkshire knee socks. Golo white shoes.

KNITS NOW—



CONTRASTS OF DARK AND WHITE





White collar and huge white pockets, left, curved along the torso of a taupy brown double-knit wool, with flaps buttoned down to hold the belt up high. Rona dress; wool knitted in America. About $40. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Marvella earrings. White knee socks by Van Raalte. White strapped shoes by Nina.

Touches of white, right, lively on grey knit—mint-white buttons, white belt on a chopped-sleeve dress of double-knit wool. Leslie Fay; knitted in America. About $36. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Marvella earrings. Calderon belt (the dress has its own). Lady Exeter knee socks.

Polo-shirt dress, opposite above, bush-jacket pockets—white wool knit held fast with a black polo belt. By Elle Couture. About $36. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin. Napier bracelet, earrings. Belt by Elegant. Berkshire knee socks. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Panel-front knit, opposite below: white coming at you, grey taking over at the sides under a button-on back belt. By Belfa of Geneva; crêped wool knit. About $125. I. Miller Galleria; Frederick & Nelson. Marvella earrings. Lady Exeter white knee socks. Shoes by Golo.

KNITS NOW—EVERY WHICH WAY

PENATI

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE



ALL EIGHT PAGES, PHOTOGRAPHED IN AND AROUND NASSAU'S LYFORD CAY CLUB BY PATRICK LICHFIELD

THREE PRETTY SISTERS IN THE NASSAU SUN, WHERE SUMMER HOLDS LIKE A SPELL.... BREEZES FLUTTER THE WARMTH AND THE SUN NEVER QUITS

The McKinney sisters, putting out to sea in a Sailfish, *at left,* take to the sun-life with the easy ardour of those who've been raised in it. The daughters of Senator and Mrs. Donald McKinney, they live in Nassau, study abroad: Gail (left), seventeen, goes to school at Fleuron in Florence; Doon (centre), fourteen, and Jane, fifteen, are both at Cobham Hall in Kent. Like her sisters, **Doon McKinney,** *right,* is radiantly good-looking—sun-shot hair, sun-bronze skin—and a streak of action; all three McKinney girls are whizzy at water sports and smashing on the tennis courts.



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SUN

The deliciously pretty wife of the Premier of the Bahamas and mother of four small children, **Mrs. Lynden O. Pindling,** *this page, above,* is a woman with a keen enjoyment and subtle understanding of fashion. She designs all her own clothes and, with her dressmaker, works out every detail; invariably, the results are both privately and publicly delighting, and—like this flared, black-tabbed white shantung dress—highly photogenic. . . . A sense of timing, balance, and an infinity of confidence—**Dimitri Marchessini,** *directly right,* a young Greek ship owner who lives in London and New York, demonstrates what goes into the making of a crackerjack water skier. . . . When is water-skiing a spectator sport? When you're watching one of the good ones, like **Contessa Consuelo Crespi,** *opposite, above*—one of the *really* good ones. . . . Two famously attractive sisters, *opposite, right,* **Mrs. John Hay Whitney** and **Mrs. William Paley,** in a golfer's idea of heaven: Lyford Cay's perfect green with its umbrella of clear blue sky—the super swing belongs to Mrs. Paley. . . . With her American husband, their two children, and Snoopy the Dachshund, the Italian-born **Mrs. Columbus O'Donnell,** *opposite, far right,* lives the sun-and-games life year-round in Nassau . . . tennis is a strong suit, and right up at the net is her special place in the sun.





THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE SUN

At the Lyford Cay house of her aunt, Mrs. Nicholas Goulandris, **Chryssanthie Goulandris,** *left,* on holiday from her job as an apprentice fashion photographer in New York, tucks herself into semi-lotus position and sparkles in the clean sharp whites she loves to wear when she's not whipping around in a bikini—starched shirt and low-slung wide-belted pants . . . her hair, black as anthracite and still damp from the sea, is held under a scarf; and every finger, as always, piled with rings. . . . In the sun, where all sports are outdoor sports, **Princesse Charles d'Arenberg,** *above,* a gold and pink beauty in a gamut-of-pink striped jump suit, brings backgammon down to the tide-line. . . . That's **Oscar de La Renta** at the end of the rope, *right*—a top-notch water-skier on a breather between top-notch fashion collections. . . . Some women, like **Mrs. Harilaos Theodoracopulos,** *far right,* never have to be told when to come in out of the sun. Just so much glow and—*basta!*—under the palms she goes and out come the easy wide-brimmed hats. Here, with a printed maillot, she wears fine-as-gauze white straw.



PILAR CRESPI
IN THE SUN

Pilar Crespi, emerging from the sea like a Botticelli Venus, *this page,* and shown twice again, *opposite,* is the sixteen-year-old daughter of Conte and Contessa Rodolfo Crespi of Rome. And a beauty—tall and lithe with a smile that starts deep in her black-violet eyes and shimmers dazzlingly to the surface, turning her whole young face into a glow of gaiety and affection... Everything she does, she loves doing: going to school—she adores it, throws herself into her studies with passionate discipline...just as here, on her first Bahamian holiday. she plunges headlong into the sun-life and savours every minute of it—water skis, swims like a porpoise, handles a Sailfish with style, and now and then simply rolls up her shirtsleeves and lets the sun take over.



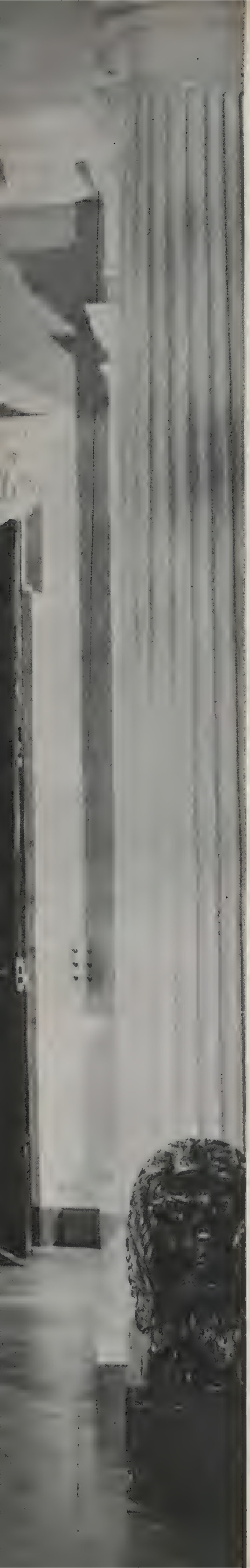
Pucci
PALAZZO POWER

From the boutique of Emilio Pucci, two marvellous ways to look—on the beach, around the palazzo. . . . Super-swash pyjamas, left: a small high bodice, high melon-coloured belt, and pants that couldn't be wider, easy as a skirt—of heavy silk crêpe coloured in sunbaked swipes of white, clay, ochre. Coiffure by Franco of Femme Sistina. Super-Pucci turnout, right: a hooded, head-to-toe leotard of silk jersey and a fling of terry-cloth cape—great gay extravagance in every shade of pink. All by Emilio Pucci, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Makeup by Femme Sistina.

HENRY CLARKE









THE BRUCE TOUCH

IN THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON, MRS. DAVID K. E. BRUCE HAS CUT GRANDEUR WITH INTIMACY, SUBTLETY, AND WIT

Mrs. David K. E. Bruce, wife of the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is an enigmatic, tantalizing and totally fascinating beauty who reverberates too quickly to be trapped by definition. She is usually described by paradoxes. Her pure and narrow face, surrounded by a glorious mane of hair, never looks the same in any two lights; and she, who moves with such speed and grace, is always thought of as still, is remembered marooned in some private mystical moment of thought. Her reluctant panache is celebrated. Primarily a scholar—erudite, and an acknowledged authority on the French Revolution—she is more renowned for being a marvellous chatelaine and a joyously accomplished diplomat. She has made of Winfield House, the imposing official residence of the American Ambassador in London, an ornament of distinction where some of the most glittering and entertaining parties in London are given; but she is at her happiest when with her close family or alone, reading and researching, or walking with her dogs, who play an enormous part in her life. Even in the evening, when she is a wildly romantic figure in black velvet and lace and diamond-buckled shoes, her dogs are still with her. Laughing, generous, gentle, she has a deep instinct for the right priorities. In her full working day, Mrs. Bruce finds time to make innumerable small cherishing gestures—which come when least expected but most needed. "She is the most European and yet the most American woman I have ever met," said an English friend. "There is nothing expatriate about her. Her American roots balance her life, give it its simplicity and disregard for the sumptuous. Her sense of style, of timing, her courtesy and her care mean that she can mix people at her parties with a fine disregard for social safety. Her parties are the best embassy parties anywhere." Mrs. Bruce has an effortless cosmopolitanism that comes from living in embassies all over the world in moments of crisis and times of peace. She has an almost Japanese diffidence about disagreeing in conversation, and an enchanting way of participating in conversation by listening. "The disconcerting thing about her," said an Englishman, "among all the concerting things, is that when she does join in any conversation, her comments are so apt and witty that she has quite clearly reached a point ten minutes sooner than anyone else. Her conversation is quick, subtle, allusive, and rarely explicit." A woman of deep discretion, fluent in the diplomatic languages, this radiant, diverse woman has added new dimensions to the old art of diplomacy. "It would be a cosmic accident" added a friend, "if the ingredients which go to make up Mrs. Bruce were *ever* repeated."

AT WINFIELD HOUSE, Mrs. Bruce in the Great Hall, surrounded by her four springer spaniels. Eighteenth-century wooden Venetian lions crouch below burnt-orange walls, white pilasters, and a tall fuchsia—one of the many plants, described as "her certain signatures," that Mrs. Bruce grows wherever she lives. *Above:* In the Little Hall, Nubian figures with headdresses of springing green ferns and a bust of George Washington.

CECIL BEATON

THE BRUCE TOUCH

Each room in Winfield House is filled with objects collected by the Bruces only because they love them. The felicitous result is that even the most stately room has an engaging and gentle atmosphere.

Right: The Main Hall where guests sign the visitors' book. A painting of Thomas Jefferson by William Beechey after Sully hangs over a sofa that, along with the other French Régence furniture, was given to the United States with Winfield House by Barbara Hutton. The painting at far right is of St. Augustine's Gate, Canterbury, by Michael Angelo Rooker.

A bay tree stands at the entrance to the small, sunny Second Dining Room with its butter-yellow panelled walls.

Above left: A corner of the Main Drawing Room with a Dutch screen and a trove of objects—photographs, small paintings, books—arranged in a seductive composition. The painting at left is one of a pair of landscapes by Canaletto; and on the right wall are, above, "Oatlands Park Near Esher" by Paul Sandby and, below, "Racing at Newmarket" by John Wootton.

Perhaps the part of Winfield House that most surely reflects Mrs. Bruce is her private sitting room. Three views, *below:* Intercoms and tape recorders are as much a part of this room as its paintings, Staffordshire china, and book-filled alcoves. The charming and mysterious painting of dogs, *below*, was found by Mrs. Bruce in London; each pet has its name painted in beside it. Everything in Winfield House reflects the Bruces; nothing is anonymous.





ANTHONY DENNEY

VOGUE, June, 1968





THE BRUCE TOUCH

Winfield House seems—
if one looks out any window—
to be in deep country; in fact
it is in the centre of London,
in Regents Park. Imposing,
grand, and previously
somewhat anonymous,
the Ambassador's Residence
has become, under Mrs. Bruce,
a place of special delight.
The pleasures of the house
derive partly from the
unexpected juxtaposition
of objects—the fragile
ribbons and bows which seem
to suspend the paintings,
the people-high potted plants,
the apparently artless mélange
of objects. The Second
Drawing Room, *left*, and in
detail, *right:* An Aubusson
rug dominates this room;
the Louis XV boiserie is
oatmeal colour and grey;
above the mantel, a painting
of Miss Crewe by Cotes.
On the table near the window
is a rare albino turtle shell
found by Mrs. Bruce in London.
Detail, *right:* A painting
of Marie Antoinette by
an unknown Austrian artist
hangs over a Régence
bureau plat; on it,
a contemporary painting,
by Chico Duncan,
in a Louis XV frame.
The Main Drawing Room,
below, near right:
Ingeniously arranged so that
a party for seventy is as easily
and successfully contained
as a party for ten, this
treasure-filled room (among
the paintings are two
Canalettos, two Wheatleys)
has pale walls, an Indian
white carpet.
In the detail, *far right,*
the painting is
an early Arthur Devis.
Many of the paintings
shown here in Winfield House
are on loan from Mr. and Mrs.
Paul Mellon or the National
Gallery of Art in Washington.

ANTHONY DENNEY

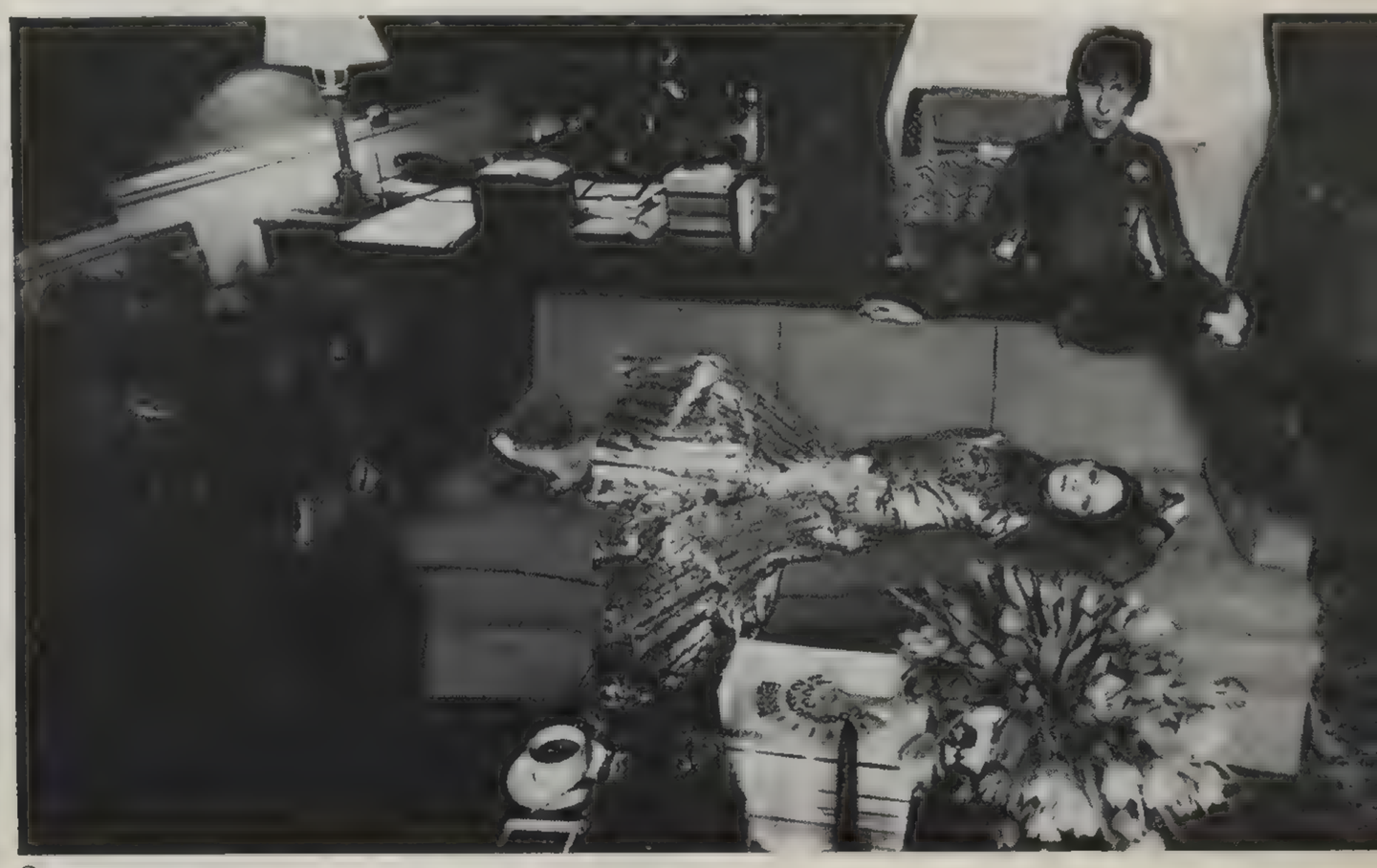
VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



London: Mood of the moment...

is for (1) ***the three-quarter coat.*** Bright white duck, $40 from Quorum, 52 Radnor Walk, London S.W. 3. . . . Or for (2) ***the ankle-length culotte.*** Worn here by Martha Laycock, with David Mlinaric. Of lacquer-red silvery lamé, the shirt of flame chiffon. $98, DeLiss, 40 Beauchamp Place, London S.W. 3. . . . Or for (3) ***gentleman's dress-ups.*** The Earl of Lichfield here in his silver-embroidered black velvet tunic, his quill-feathered black velvet Cavalier's hat. Both from Mr. Fish, 17 Clifford Street, London W. 1. . . . Or for (4) ***the weskit.*** Rory Davis's black crochet snarled up with topaz paillettes. Juliet cap (as we used to call it) to match. Vest $8, cap $1.50. Biba, 19-21 Kensington Church St., London W. 8. . . . Or for (5) ***leather.*** Jacket—the colour of peanuts, the cut great—narrow, nipped, then flipped over the hips. $38. Quorum, 52 Radnor Walk, London S.W. 3. . . .



2



PATRICK LICHFIELD



3

SCHUMACHER

1

4



5



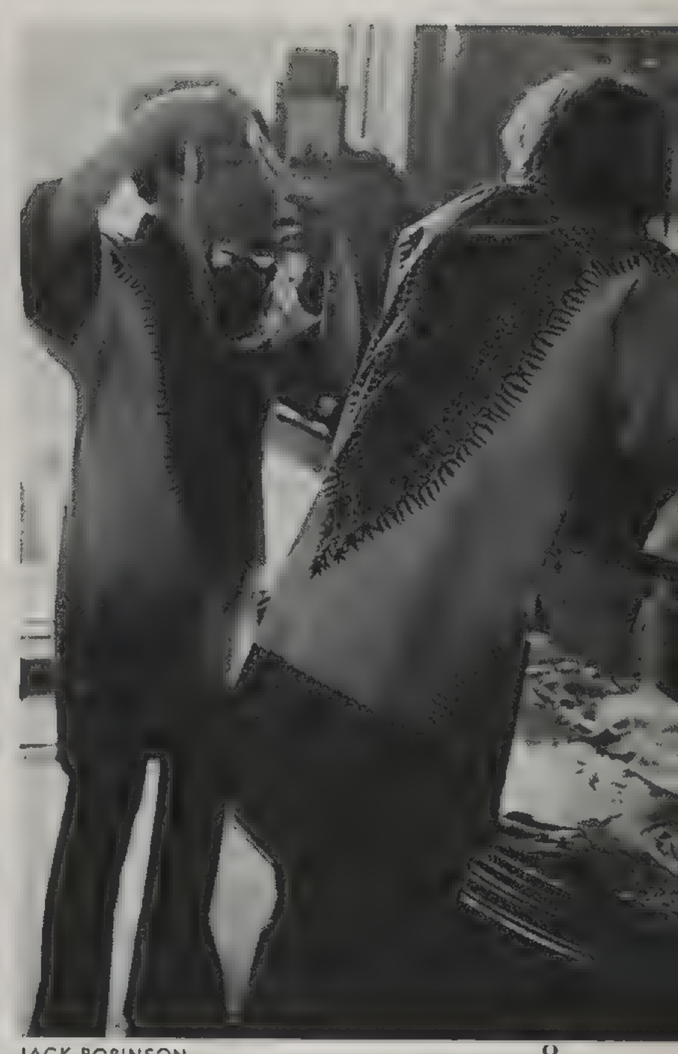
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New York: Do your own thing in St. Marks Place...

Everybody does. For ***Leland Palmer and Rusty Thacker*** (6) it's easy, since they're the stars of *Your Own Thing*, the sneaker that's been packing them in at the Orpheum around the corner from St. Marks Place. Two utterly delightful people—red-headed, eager, packed with dynamism, star quality and—a genuine nice-ness. At Knobkerry (7), they fool around ***trying on the weskits.*** Leland's got on one of the Spanish ones—red velvet, stiff with gold galloon, $20. And Rusty's got on one made of the Indian fabric, all floss-embroidered with red, green, blue, cream, polka-dotted with bits of mirror. $25. Knobkerry, 26 St. Marks Place. . . . At Limbo (8) they're into the creamy ***cotton tunics printed with Indian mosaics.*** $20 each. Then they have to have a small talk with Fred (9) who's cool at the wheel of the mild bedlam that goes on continually at Limbo. What Fred's shovelling out the door like coals these days—the ***Afghanistanian coats and weskits*** —the outsides beautifully embroidered in silk floss colours. $40 for a vest, $100 for a coat. Limbo, 4 St. Marks Place. . . .



7



JACK ROBINSON 8





9

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

New York, Paris, London . . . lovely



EWA RUDLING DUTHUIT

Paris: Very old-fashioned, yes, and lovely. The quaint mania for wearing costumes from the past continues. And in Paris's Flea Market is one of the great places for finding ***exquisite, wearable memorabilia.*** A stall filled with a collection of museum quality threads—all in mint crisp condition. . . . Elnora (above) looks like a fragile porcelain doll dolled up in an 1800's blue gown, complete with parasol, fan, and shawl, of the period. The price too, extraordinary for this sort of thing—$100 for the dress, $20 for the parasol. "Le Tricorne," Stand 157, Marché Biron, Flea Market. . . .

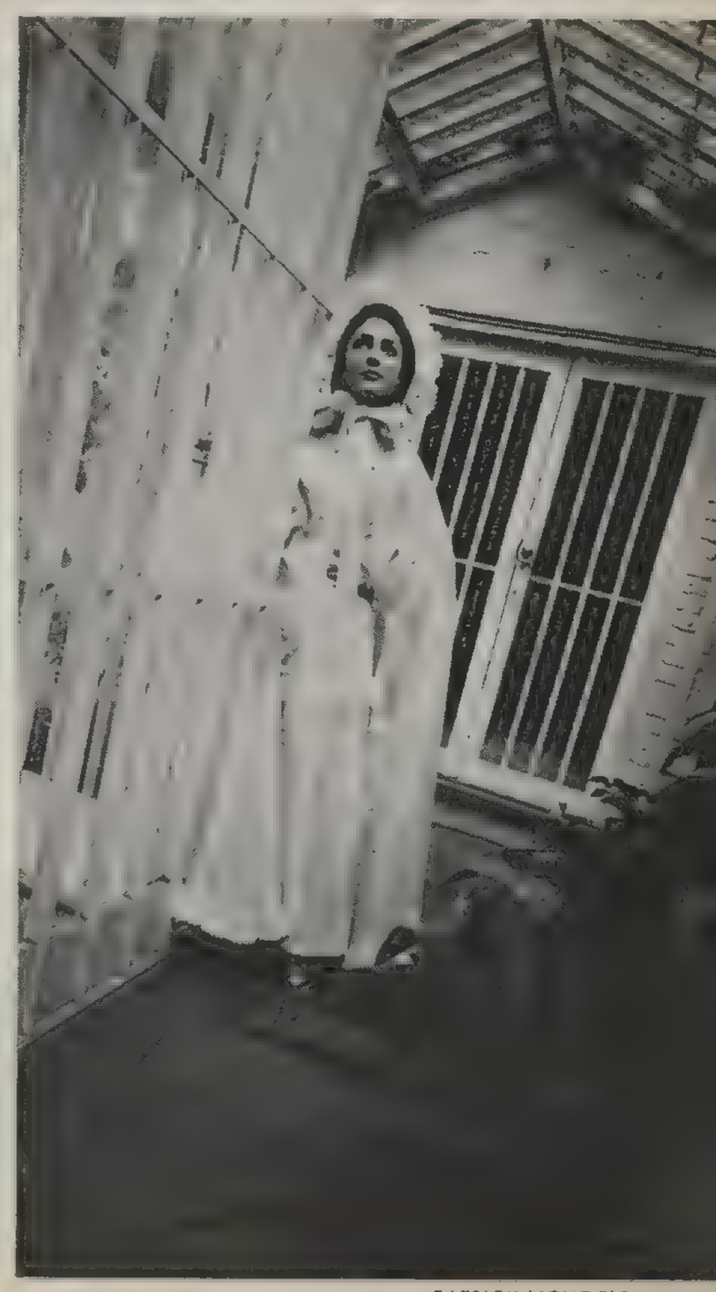


JACK ROBINSON

New York: A tinge of nostalgia . . . lovely. What a pretty idea to think of summer heroines sheltered from all sorts of things by ***leghorns like this one***—its corn-coloured straw crown wrapped with an apricot satin ribbon. $30. Etcetera, 136 East 57th Street. . . .



London: Lady Victoria Yorke, ***a Victorian heroine,*** lovely any day. Here (above), in mint-green checked gingham, $50, or in pie-crust-ruffled white organdie (right), $95. From the lovely heroine collection of Annacat, 270 Brompton Road, London SW 3. . . .



PATRICK LICHFIELD

PAUL BOCUSE AND HIS RESTAURANT

By Quentin Crewe

The policeman in the middle of Lyon beamed when I asked him the way to Collonges-au-Mont-d'Or. He gave me minute directions and, with an extra smile, said, "Bon appetit." He knew that there could be only one reason why anyone should wish to go to Collonges—to eat at the restaurant of Monsieur Paul Bocuse.

Paul Bocuse is something of a phenomenon even in France, where great chefs are to be expected; even in Lyon where, as he said, "There are 815 restaurants, in 800 of which you eat well." He is a man who deliberately set out to become France's greatest chef—who within eleven years of opening his restaurant achieved the distinction of three stars in *Guide Michelin,* a distinction shared with only eleven others. In 1961 he was named a Meilleur Ouvrier de France, an honour accorded to only nineteen cooks.

It is easy to find Bocuse's restaurant, but it is not what you might expect. For Americans, for the British, indeed for most people, a great restaurant needs to be beautiful. For the French the matter in hand is food. It matters little what the place looks like. There are beautiful three-star restaurants, but this is a matter of chance rather than planning. So you go up the river from Lyon, past many pretty positions which you think will turn out to be your goal, until you come to the one site which you would not have chosen. Hidden from the best view, crowned with a huge, green neon sign is an undistinguished building. The sign says simply, Paul Bocuse. The restaurant has no other name. In the evening there is no one to greet you. At lunchtime—a more important meal to the French—there is a red-uniformed page boy. He is one of the few concessions which Paul Bocuse makes to grandeur.

As soon as you go into the restaurant, you are aware that this is a home of gastronomy. At first the reason for this awareness is indefinable. There is nothing elaborate about the décor. The main room is done up in a simple, traditional style with, at one end, a large glowing fire in front of which chickens turn on a spit. The other room, which Bocuse added recently, has no particular style.

There is no question here of there being a good table or a bad table in prestigious terms. The original room is perhaps the more agreeable, for in it there are tables set against the wall with bench seats and it has some trace of the atmosphere of an old French farmhouse. The new room has island tables, rather lost in the room, and severe looking upright chairs. There is nothing about the restaurant which caters to foreign taste. It is determinedly and essentially French, both in appearance and character.

Tourists form only a small part of Bocuse's trade. There are solemn gastronomes from America and Britain who book tables and order their meals six months in advance; but, as Bocuse himself says, nobody stays three days in Lyon. It is a city of prosperous bourgeoisie, still entrenched in old-fashioned ways. When Bocuse says that snack bars do not prosper in France, he is speaking of the France that he knows. In Paris there is a growing market for frozen foods and rapid service, but in Lyon eating is still the predominant pastime both in the home and outside.

In consequence, Bocuse's patrons are solid citizens of the district who come to him because they believe that out of those 815 restaurants this is the one in

(Continued on page 174)

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So why let that one monthly problem hold you back? Trust Fems feminine napkins to protect you longer.

Signposts for all

Cancer June 21-July 22. Control urges, emotions, temper. Last 10 days calmer.

Leo July 23-Aug. 22. Recreation, vacation first half; then practicalities.

Virgo Aug. 23-Sept. 23. New personal cycle favors new plans. Be open to developments.

Libra Sept. 24-Oct. 23. Travel first 21 days. Strictly business later.

Scorpio Oct. 24-Nov. 21. Business and money matters challenging; last 10 days easier.

Sagittarius Nov. 22-Dec. 21. Cooperate. Mid-month sharply tests judgments. New opportunities.

Capricorn Dec. 22-Jan. 19. Attend to obligations of business and home.

Aquarius Jan. 20-Feb. 18. Be social. Vacation in first 3 weeks.

Pisces Feb. 19-March 20. Avoid personality conflicts. Let others take the initiative.

Aries March 21-April 19. Focus on routine; little things important.

Taurus April 20-May 20. Getting and spending stressed. Seek constructive goals.

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Paul Bocuse

(Continued from page 173)

which they will find the traditional cooking of their country most perfectly executed. They are serious people, not searching for the pyrotechnics of cuisine. They arrive looking earnest, the men courteous and worthy, many of them dressed little better than they would dress at home; the women often of unbelievably exuberant build, plainly of the opinion that the rewards of having brought up a healthy family lie in being able to set aside any obligation to maintain slenderous charms. They eat with great application and a bonhomie gradually pervades their party. The men are satisfied that their position enables them to provide the best for their family; the women are content that their husbands indulge them. Each table is a separate scene of fat familial calm.

Everything about the place is pleasant enough, but it is certainly nothing to do with interior decoration that gives the impression that this is a great restaurant. The moment when all doubt disappears is when you first see Monsieur Bocuse himself. A tall dark man with amazingly deep-set eyes—a powerful figure who commands immediate respect—he moves about his restaurant with a kind of leisured energy which, as you watch him, makes you feel that he gives to everything the exact proportion of his time which it requires. It is essential, he says, to talk about food. So he will sit with his customers discussing at length whether it would be better to have trout or *moules* before the chicken. As soon as the point is decided, he will hurry away to execute the decision.

That his views on the value of discussion are right was proved to me within a few minutes of my first visit. He weighed up the respective advantages of an apéritif of a white wine with black-currant syrup and of a champagne. The champagne, he told me, was a light one specially bottled for him by Moët et Chandon. It was, he said, less fizzy than most champagne.

"Either way," said Paul Bocuse, "it is an error to drink champagne with a meal. The only time to drink it is before a meal." When the champagne came, I drank it with an interest which I would never have felt without the guidance of this chef. And so it was with everything that I ate. Learning that Bocuse's famous Jambon Fumé Cuit dans le Foin is cooked in a large pot containing a bunch of sweet-smelling hay makes it possible to appreciate the nuances of taste in this remarkable dish.

Plainly, however, it is not all talk. The more I went back to Paul Bocuse's restaurant, the more I appreciated that haute cuisine is an art. The characteristics which make a great artist have exact parallels in the making of a great chef. The first of these, as any puritan will happily testify, is the ability to work hard.

Bocuse's day starts at seven o'clock when he goes to the markets of Lyon. For two hours he wanders round choosing and rejecting, prodding and asking.

"The produce in Lyon is the best in France," he said. "In Burgundy we have the best wines. We have the chickens of Bresse and Charolais beef. Here we get fish from the Mediterranean which never reaches Paris."

Some of the men in the market might be surprised to hear Bocuse talk like this. He does not speak so highly of their wares to them. Nevertheless, he is prepared to pay for what he thinks is good enough for his restaurant.

"A Bresse chicken is a marvellous bird," he announced ripping open a boxful of them to make me feel how firm yet tender the flesh of a chicken can be.

"In France the chickens have the same system of *appellations contrôlées* as wine. They may cost four times as much but they taste twenty times as good."

Back from the market, Bocuse works in his kitchen without pause until 2:30. He has a break till 5:30 and then works again till midnight. Three hours in the afternoon and six hours sleep are the only rest which Bocuse gets any day of the week for eleven months of the year. In August he closes his restaurant for two short weeks in order to satisfy his only hobby which is shooting.

"It is no use running a restaurant unless you are there all the time, watching everything." Bocuse puts the finishing touches to every dish served in his restaurant. In the kitchen he has a staff of fourteen—the total staff numbers forty-two—to produce a maximum of one hundred and sixty meals in a day. More covers than that would threaten the quality.

Work and the materials may seem banal but there is much that is banal which goes into the making of any artist. A knowledge of what has gone before and solid training are as important for a painter as for a chef. The earliest work of Picasso amazes us by its obedience to perspective. In Bocuse's case the tradition is a family one. It was in 1765 that the first Bocuse opened a small *estaminet* in Collonges. After two hundred years and seven generations the family produced its most determined devotee of cuisine.

As a painter goes to an art school, Paul Bocuse trained in the great restaurants of France. He worked in two of the three-star restaurants which he was later to equal, even possibly excel—Mère Brazier at Col de la Luère (which lost a star this year) and La Pyramide at Vienne, both of them in the neighbourhood of Lyon. At the Pyramide, Bocuse worked under Fernand Point, perhaps the greatest chef of this century.

"I was inspired by Point," said Bocuse; "he gave me one important piece of advice. Either seek money or aspire to run a three-star restaurant."

Here it is that the difference between Bocuse and other chefs begins to be apparent. He has no interest in money.

"Cooking," he said, "is like painting. One can not sell one's-self. One can not be a financier. It is too easy to get rich. A painter does not question how much paint he uses. Of course one

(Continued on page 176)

MORE AND MORE WOMEN ARE REPORTING

Amazing Gains

on their

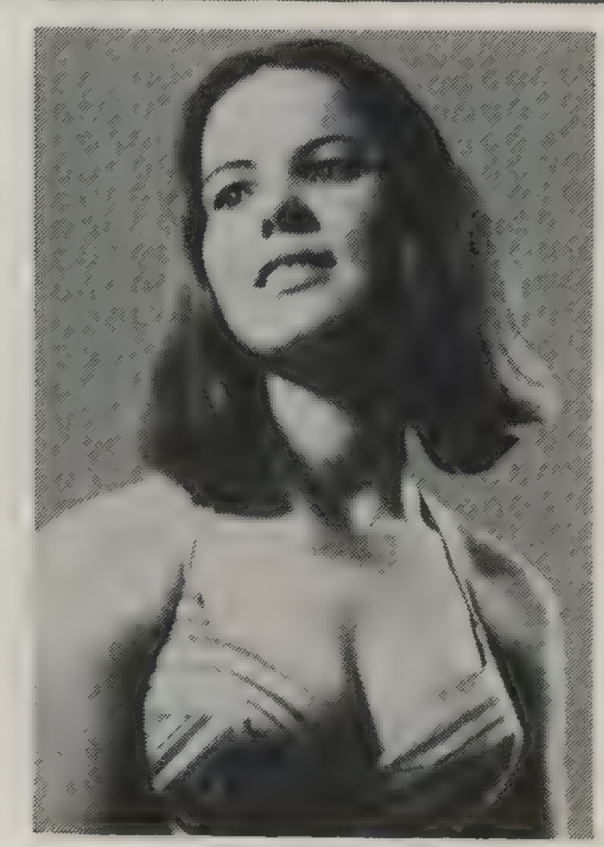
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BUST: 33″



Christine Boyle after following her Mark Eden Course for just 8 weeks.
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Paul Bocuse

(Continued from page 174)

could use less than the best materials or one could save a little cream here, a little butter there. Real cooking is honest; it demands the truth. And believe me simple cooking can be the most expensive."

Paul Bocuse does not expect to make money in any serious way out of his restaurant. His daughter runs what was his great-grandfather's restaurant as a place for wedding parties and banquets. This provides a helping surplus and, incidentally, employs his womenfolk, for *chez* Bocuse women have no place in the kitchen. "Here it is a man's job."

Madame Bocuse can not cook. She does the accounts and, when there is no red-suited page boy, greets the guests which, as she is very pretty, seems an agreeable arrangement.

If money is no incentive what, then, about fame? The more I talked with Paul Bocuse, relishing as we did a 1929 Château Branaire ("One can not sell such wine, only drink it with friends"), the more I realized that his inspirations were not on this level. We spoke of other famous restaurants but he would never acquiesce if I spoke of the decline of a competitor. He would change the subject and talk of the rise of a new place. With genuine pleasure he begged me to go to the new restaurant which was awarded a third star last year. His only yardstick is excellence.

The perfect claret soothed him after his long day's work into lighthearted fantasy.

"My ideal would be to work in a private house," he mused. "The greatest number we would ever have is eight in the evening. Usually there would just be the host and hostess and four guests. The whole thing would be subsidized by the state." He laughed and then became serious. "Even then I would feel what I feel now. Each time I cook a dish I think: 'Oh yes, but tomorrow I will do it better.' Never does one attain perfection."

That is the voice of the artist. A vocation, a dedication—we all know that is not enough. How many sad, bad painters there are plodding hopelessly on. How many chefs as well.

The difference, the secret—that is incommunicable. But at one point as we went through the kitchen Paul Bocuse gave a little cry.

"What is it?"

"Look at that sauce. It is too salty."

A man who can *see* that a sauce is too salty is a genius.

RECIPES FROM PAUL BOCUSE

Truffled cervelat baked in embers

For garden dinners or country outings, barbecues make delicious and frugal meals. Here is a recipe that offers some variety to grilled meats.

Take a truffled cervelat of Lyon and roll it in aluminum foil. Carefully close one end of the foil so that it forms a cone. Fill the cone with a pint of good Beaujolais, and then twist the other end closed. Wrap the roll in damp newspaper. Bury the bundle in wood embers, and let bake for forty-five minutes. Unwrap the newspaper and the aluminum foil. The cervelat will be then slightly grilled and have acquired a delicious taste of caramelled wine. Serve with potatoes baked in coals.

Pumpkin soup with cream

The pumpkin is a vegetable not to be overlooked: One can make excellent gratins and soups with it. Here is a delicious and original recipe.

Cut off the crown of a pumpkin about six to eight pounds, and make a tureen of it by scooping out the seeds and stringy portion. Fill the hollowed pumpkin three-quarters full with alternate layers of toasted bread and grated Gruyère cheese. Season with salt and pepper, and then fill remaining space with light cream. Replace the crown and put the pumpkin in a hot oven for two hours. Serve it directly at the table. Make sure to scoop out the meat of the pumpkin with a spoon, being careful not to break the shell.

Your friends will be delighted and amused both by the soup and its presentation.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

A secret that wants to be spilled

Some secrets were never *really* meant to be kept. Especially when they could be sniffed deliciously. Like Royal Secret, the fragrance Madame Germaine Monteil developed in France. . . . A meld of herbs, spices, and flowers, this long-lasting scent became a perfume byword and quite naturally grew into a fragrance family. Bath perfume, bath soap, and now a Luxury Moisture Bath to spread the word further. All over the body, in fact, via two capfuls under a running tap. Emollients in the deceptively cologne-like moisture bath get working to insulate skins from the moisture robbers, steam-heat winter and air-conditioned summer, by helping skin retain its natural moisture. One bather loves the way this Royal Secret sneaks about her rooms—to say nothing of what it does to her. . . . That's a secret we don't mind spilling.

Eye care, they care

Summer time. Sun time. Time to look out for your eyes. Which—even if they're not generally sensitive—are apt to be now in this season of heat and bright and breeze. Marcelle—a concerned concern with the clear vision to turn out some of the best hypo-allergenic products going—makes an Eye Creme that copes beautifully with the tender skin around the eyes. A gentle blend of clear, delicate oils to moisturize, help smooth away squint lines. Another Marcelle masterpiece is Eye Make-up Remover Pads, little white fabric rounds drenched in unscented oil to whisk away every smidgen of a bright-eyed day's makeup, leaving behind a light oil slick to prevent dryness. These come stacked sixty to a jar, a June-July supply.

The $1 top coat you'll wear and wear

Obviously something you can't afford not to own. And it comes in such pretty colours: Champagne Ivory, Pink Blush, Peach Pastel, to mention just three of the six. Did the thought cross your mind that you could own the whole half dozen and still not go for broke? Or chip? Or crack? Or peel? Well, that's the point. . . . Max Factor's been hard at work to give you a nail polish with a terrific top coat that really protects the nails as it gives a flawless brilliance—one that lasts and lasts until some fine day when you're tempted to try another tempting shade. It's called UltraLucent. And it comes in Creme or Iridescent nail colours. If you choose Iridescent, it means blowing yourself to a $1.10 top coat, but no better moment for sheer extravagance—especially if you just want one coat. One coat of UltraLucent gives you a beautiful transparence. Two, and you've got a translucent depth of pure colour. Never a dull moment, as you can see, with such a colourful new wardrobe right at your fingertips.

(More Ready Beauty, page 188)



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RELAXED RECIPES WITH FRUIT

One soup, one fish, one curry

By Alexis de la Falaise

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nineteen-year-old Alexis de la Falaise, tall and thin, is both a student at Bard College, near New York City, and an extraordinary cook. He is a non-recipe follower, a mood chef when in his family's kitchen, but an exacting chef when in someone else's for pay. Educated in England, he began working at seventeen in the kitchen at London's Annabel's where the food is extremely good, especially for a night place. There he worked in every department as a chef—sauces, vegetables, fish, grills, butcher, larder, and hors d'oeuvres—but not* the *chef. That was Donald Smith. What Falaise learned were all the classic French dishes, plus speed. This past winter in New York he went out to private houses to cook dinners, usually on weekends or vacations. With his mother, Mrs. John McKendry, he has written a soup cookbook not yet published. Nice work for a college freshman.*

All you want to do is relax and have fun in the kitchen, but what are you confronted with when you open your cookbook? Measurements, quantities, time, order. Frightening, isn't it?

You're not given a chance to relax. Recipes keep you on your toes. Instructions to follow. They are your masters: You must obey them, otherwise your enthusiasm might tempt you into doing something that might betray you. The dish might play a dirty trick on you, and then you would have to start all over again, because even if you try to cheat it never comes out right.

There are other less neurotic ways to go about cooking. You needn't torture yourself: Start pushing your recipes about.

Cooking is an art, sensual, creative. Writers of recipes, in most cases, give the bare essentials needed to make the dish. They are translating, simplifying their own creations. An author can not afford to frighten his readers. The ingredients must be common to the kitchen of the simplest housewife. If she is at all suspicious, she won't brave the recipe.

An author usually leaves it up to you to add the in-betweens, hoping you will play with the recipe and add your own touch. He can't possibly do this himself, because he'd have to devote an entire volume to each recipe. What he is drawing is a skeleton, and he generally leaves plenty of room for your own fat additions. Here is how to *use* a recipe:

To many recipes, I add fruit. Fruit is the most sensual of all foods. For vegetarians, fruit may be the main diet; fruit is light and refreshing and makes you feel good. One of my favourite soups (essentially vegetarian) is an apricot soup, hot or cold.

Apricot Soup

1 pound dried apricots
3 fresh peaches, peeled and quartered
½ cup sugar
5 cups cold water
¼ cup of heavy cream
¼ cup tapioca

Soak fruit overnight in sugared water in a cool place. Cook the fruit in the water in which it soaked until very soft. Pass fruit and juice through a fine sieve. Heat the soup to boiling point, stir the cream and the tapioca in gradually, and cook, stirring constantly until the soup is thickened and creamy. Remove from fire, and keep hot or chill it in refrigerator.

Fruit is usually considered as something exclusive to cold soups (like the one above), salads, or desserts. Of course, we can include such classic dishes cooked with fruit as Canard à l'Orange, Roast Goose with Chestnuts, Sole Véronique, Cranberry Stuffing, Lemon and Orange Sauces. But cooking with fruit does not stop there; fruits are good with almost anything. They can not eliminate or destroy the original flavour of a dish. Fruit lifts the taste.

For instance, when fresh fruit and fruit juice are added to a piquant sauce, the first sensation is a cooling one, the second and strongest is a hot one, and the aftertaste is fresh and cooling like the first. This system is best in cooking curry and fish.

Sole Véronique

Use any good cookbook recipe for Sole Véronique, but have ready these extra ingredients:

Branched fennel leaves
2 oranges
1 extra bunch of grapes

Prepare the sauce as instructed, add branched fennel leaves, the juice of an orange, the juice of a bunch of grapes, and the zest of an orange. Just before serving, arrange slices of fresh orange on the fish with the grapes. If you reduce the sauce a few minutes longer than instructed, the structure will be the same, but you will be able to taste the grapes, fish, and orange quite distinctly. I have made the dish this way several times, and my additions give it a new tone.

Fruited Curry

(All amounts depend on taste and number to be served)

Lamb tongues
Curry powder
Shallots
Olive oil
Dried apricots
Dried figs
Raisins
Lemons
Crystalized fruits
Oranges
Guinness beer
Eggplant
Zucchini
Carrots
Chicken broth
Water

One of the fruit-added dishes I enjoy making is a curry, a great favourite among my friends. It has a base of dried apricots, figs,

(Continued on page 182)

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THE ADORABLE NATASHA

By Anthony West

Natasha, the heroine of Tolstoy's great galleon of a supernovel *War and Peace* and one of the most purely delightful women in nineteenth-century fiction, is the supreme example of a character who has come alive and established a relationship with the public quite independently of her creator's intentions.

Tolstoy's intuitions made Natasha one of the great female characters in popular fiction. She is the perfect wish fulfillment: not only the ideal woman that the passional male side of Tolstoy wanted for himself as an equal partner but also the being that his strongly developed feminine side would have liked to be. He gave her the power of total commitment: "Whatever she did," he said, "she threw herself into it, body and soul." Then he made her prodigal, proud, self-confident, musical, talented, loved by all, and utterly frank with herself in the pursuit of her own physical and emotional needs. She not only has the courage for every adventure but also the charm to get away with anything, and the ability to emerge from the hottest of flames deliciously singed but basically none the worse.

Natasha is, in short, the realization of a universal dream, and it is not surprising that for just over a century she has been stealing *War and Peace* and turning it, for one generation of readers after another, into a book about her—not, as its author intended, into a great confrontation between history and the family. The great measure of her triumph is the oblivion into which the final section of the book has fallen. In it Tolstoy the lecturer has deprived poor Natasha of her youth and her looks in order to thicken and broaden her into a sexual football, breeding machine, and doormat for the male ego of the merest of mere husbands. This is all done to prove the boring thesis that human destinies, like those of the nations, are decided by some sort of clockwork of necessity.

But nobody who knows the Natasha who crept out of the secret places of Tolstoy's heart to illuminate his novel with her courage and vivacity believes any of this or remembers that he wrote it. She can not grow old or become humdrum because she embodies both the bravery of youth and its belief in life, as well as the experience of happiness which is its justification.

The story of Natasha as a character is part of an absurd comedy of errors that might be given the title "A genius in spite of himself." In the world of everyday affairs Tolstoy was an opinionated prig with a taste for moralizing who was determined to lecture the world into an intolerably virtuous condition. He became a great novelist by accident while looking for ways and means of bullying normally constituted people into sharing his own inflamed sense of guilt about sex and sensuality, and he hit on the theme of his greatest novel quite inadvertently while groping for the starting point of a wholly different book. This other work—which never got itself written, incidentally—was to explain the motivations of the aristocratic conspirators, called the Decembrists, who failed to bring off an idealistically conceived revolution in Russia in 1825.

Like all amateurs, Tolstoy had the greatest difficulty in finding a place to start. The explanation of what had happened in 1825 didn't seem to him to make sense without an explanation of what had happened in 1812, and that could only be understood in relation to the events of 1805.

And so, to clear the ground, Tolstoy began a book called *The Year 1805*, which grew, and twisted, and changed in his hands until it became *War and Peace*. He went on having stupefying ideas about it right up to

(Continued on page 182)

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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Greek Tip Sheet

This unofficial tip sheet is planned for travellers who are also people-watchers, idlers-in-cafés, food buffs, and even energists who want to return, like bees from their erratic voyages, loaded with Greek honey.

TAVERNAS. Greek word for bistros and trattorias.... Around Plaka, the Montmartre of Athens at the foot of the Acropolis, masses of tavernas spill out on sidewalks and broad steep steps. It's tricky to know where the boundaries of one taverna end and another's begin.... For dinner only: chic Athenians go to Yeros Tou Moria. . . . Greeks and tourists mix at Kalokerinos Taverna where there are guitars, delicious stews made with parsley.

The Hilton's taverna, Ta Nissia, is sumptuous; has marvellous food, service, guitars.... At the foot of Lycabettus, that mound in the middle of Athens, Vladimiros, 12 Aristodimou, at the end of Marasleion Street is very Greek Greek.

At Piraeus—Vassilena, a beachcomber place, serves a steady procession of dishes, mainly crustacean delicacies, one at a time often numbering seventeen. No ordering, they just keep coming.

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE AS THE GREEKS HAVE IT. Dionysios, opposite the Acropolis and with an unbeatable view of same, has very good food. Reservations imperative. . . . The dinner tables of Tudor Hall, the restaurant on top of the King George Hotel, have a lovely long view of the lighted Acropolis.... For a 360-degree view of Athens, the Acropolis, the Agora, Hymettus, and far off to the Saronic Gulf, try the restaurant on the peak of Lycabettus reached by cable car. Among the specialties, mouth-watering macaroni au gratin. (Before the cable car was built, any boy and girl who trekked up the steep path to the top of Lycabettus on foot were bound to get married, the saying goes. And many did.) . . . Bistrot de Paris, 12 Carolou Street, is exactly that—French food in a French setting. . . . French cuisine also at L'Abreuvoir, 51 Xenokratous Street, on a narrow street high up above Kolonaki Square where many elegant Athenians live.

In Kiphissia, twenty minutes' drive towards the hills, Blue Pine, an attractive chalet, has candlelight, banquettes, a fireplace. . . . A bit further from Athens, on the slopes of Mount Pentelicon (all the marble for the Parthenon came from here), the restaurant La Belle Hélène, with its great picture windows and broad verandahs, is enormously pleasant. . . . Along the sea at Glyfada and especially for fish, Psaropoulos is simple and good for lunch and dinner. Fish fresh from the sea have that extraordinary smell of seaweed and iodine. Do try *kalamarakia* (baby squid) and *barbounia* (red mullet). After ordering, guests walk along the rocky shore. . . . Further along the coast at Vouliagmeni above a lovely beach, the Vouliagmeni Club House is quiet, pleasant and serves Continental food.... The very new and excellent Hotel Astir Palace at Vouliagmeni has two top restaurants, one is in a conventional dining room, and one is in a downstairs grill —both overlook the white beach circled by cabañas standing in flower gardens. . . . On the "day after," Floca's and Zonar's, two enormous pastry shops and cafés behind the Grande Bretagne (called G.B. by locals), list on their large menus some surprisingly light foods, rather tearoomy, such as boiled chicken and plain rice. Both restore.

PEOPLE-WATCHING. Athenians sit in any one of these three cafés—Byzantion, Papaspyrou, or Hellenikon—all spread around Kolonaki Square. Time to go: noon to 2 P.M.; 7 to 9 P.M. What to order—coffee at any time. After 11 P.M., it's an Athenian tradition to go to Byzantion for ipovrichion (submarine), a thick, sticky vanilla sweet wrapped around a spoon stuck in a glass of water. To be licked like a lollipop. (Elegant Athenians rarely sit at cafés on Constitution Square; it's a whole other scene.) At the King George Hotel, guests lap up the sun at its sidewalk café where breakfast, drinks, sandwiches are served.

BARS. Before lunch and dinner, the international rendezvous spot is the Hilton bar or the G.B. bar. . . . A traditional place where men like to go and which has been there forever is Apotsos at 5 Stadium Street. It's really a grocery shop, but at the back in a dingy room is a handful of tables. Among the mezédes to have with apéritifs: tsiros (whitebait) and avgotaracho (fish roe wrapped in golden beeswax). Excellent.

NIGHTCLUBBING. Actually this is a misnomer. As Athenian nightclubs have excellent food, they are really dinner-dancing places. Two good ones: Athinea at Phaleron next to the racetrack is a summer institution with dinner and drinks until late, late; dancing on a platform and tables spread under trees where it is quite dark, always cool. In

winter, Athinea moves to its underground shelter almost opposite the G.B.; Galaxy on the roof of the Hilton has a glorious view and on warm nights there are tables on the marble terrace. . . . Asteria at Glyfada, practically above the beach, is especially lovely when the weather is warm and one can dine outside. Inside, ask for a table away from the orchestra, which is apt to be noisy. Cabaret shows.

BOUZOUKI MUSIC. After dinner and dancing, and after one in the morning, ask cab drivers to take you to where Zambettas or Moscholiou or Daskalaki is singing bouzouki music.

OPEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. For late, late snacks, or anytime, the Byzantine Café at the Hilton. Good at 4 A.M. after bouzouki music; for breakfast at 6 A.M.; for lunch, tea, dinner. Where everyone goes—for good reason.

NOT TO BE MISSED. Kaissariani, an eleventh-century Byzantine church and monastery on the slopes of Hymettus, some twenty minutes away from Athens. Serene, exquisitely restored, it smells of laurel, rosemary, and thyme. Best at sunset. On the hillside, a unique collection of wildflowers. . . . The National Archaeological Museum includes a superb collection of Cycladic statues, and Mycenaean jewellery—fascinating microscopic details. In the round room at the right of the entrance, the Stathatos collection with exquisite Tanagra figurines. . . . At the Acropolis Museum, the kouroi and korai statues are magnificent. . . . The white marble Benaki Museum, between the Hilton and the G.B., is handsomely arranged and not over-powering in size. Among its treasures: Byzantine icons, carpets from Asia Minor, embroideries, two El Grecos, and, in the basement, gold-embroidered Greek costumes and jewellery. (Designers from Paris and Seventh Avenue spend hours at the Benaki Museum.)

INSTANT GREEK. Ten little words: *a-mé-sos,* immediately; *pó-te,* when; *see-gá,* slowly; *gleé-go-ra,* quickly; *tó-rah,* now; *lée-go,* little; *po-lée,* very much; *pó-so,* how much; *low-ga-rias-mó,* bill; *poo,* where.

After each word add *pa-ra-ka-ló,* please, and you'll get lots of mileage out of them. Of course, the word for thank you is *ef-ha-ri-stó. Ef-ha-ri-stó po-lée,* thank you very much. . . . Then there's always sign language—hands, eyes, eyebrows, and head shaking.

ABOUT HAIRDRESSERS. The Hilton and the Grande Bretagne both have salons built into the hotels. Elizabeth Arden's salon is at 17 Ploutarchou Street. . . . Anghelos have two places: One at 17 Omirou Street, and one at 2 Amalias Avenue. . . . Tip the operator who does the hair 20 drachmas, the manicurist, 15; and 10 to the girl who hands out the clips and pins—and the same to the girl who shampoos.

DRESSMAKERS. Athenian dressmakers are tops, and most of them carry some ready-to-wear clothes as well as imported things such as scarfs, pullovers, handbags, costume jewellery. . . . Just beyond Floca's, Jean Dessès, the famous couturier, has racks of delicious ready-made clothes —everything from suits, coats, afternoon dresses to evening clothes. . . . Two other good shops are Georgette at 18 Omirou Street and Maripol on Skoufa Street.

BOUTIQUES. Both sides of Voukourestiou Street, on that short span from Stadium Street to Academy Street, are lined with attractive boutiques which carry things from Italy, Spain, France—pullovers, knitted sheaths, costume jewellery, and so on. . . . The Hilton boutiques are also good, and so is Sinanis at 9 Ermou Street. . . . The great place for men is Strongylos, next to the G.B., for silk monogrammed shirts.

REAL JEWELLERY. Zolotas has copies of Mycenaean cups in gold, plus fascinating rings with animal heads, also bracelets and necklaces. Two shops—a small, show-case-sized one at the Hilton and the main one cater-cornered from the G.B. on Panepistimiou and Voukourestiou Streets. You can't miss it.

GOODIES TO TAKE HOME. The Number One place is Their Majesties Fund. Well-styled handcrafts such as small and airweight blue "worry beads" with an evil-eye bangle against the evil eye from all over Greece and profits go toward good works. The main shop is at 2 Panepistimiou Street, a small one is at the Hilton Hotel, and a third one specializing in rugs is at Voukourestiou and Valaoritou Streets. *Note:* The rugs with traditional designs vary in price; the same patterns and colours come handwoven as well as embroidered. Rugs may be ordered in specific sizes and colours, they are easily shipped, and the duty is surprisingly low. . . . Mati at 20 Voukourestiou Street stocks "worry beads" with huge-size beads in fantastic colours which end with fat silken tassels. They make a lovely spot of colour on coffee tables.

A treasure chest for decorative things for the house is Laury's shop at a new address, Academy Street 8, between Voukourestiou and Pindarou Streets. Here, such things as lamps, handsome chairs and tables, as well as frames, cigarette boxes in vermeil, which is a specialty. (Jansen, the well-known Paris decorating house, has even bought things from Laury.)

In the maze of lanes off Ermou Street, Kyprios and Dermizakis, known simply as Dermizakis, Romvis 18, has excellent leather things—handbags, men's belts, attaché cases. He makes-to-order cases in leather or silk to fit gold compacts and cigarette cases. . . . For records, Music-Box at Nikis 2, which is opposite the post office behind Constitution Square, stocks new Greek songs, folk songs, French songs, the works.

COLLECTORS. For icons and valuable works of art, the antique shop Marinos, 50 Pandrossou Street, is one of the oldest and the best. They know what may or may not be taken out of the country.

HEADACHE, PERHAPS? The three Marinopoulous drugstores, run like American drugstores, are part pharmacy, part cosmetics, part five and dime. There is one on Kolonaki Square, another at 66 Panepistimiou Street, a third at 2 Patission Street.

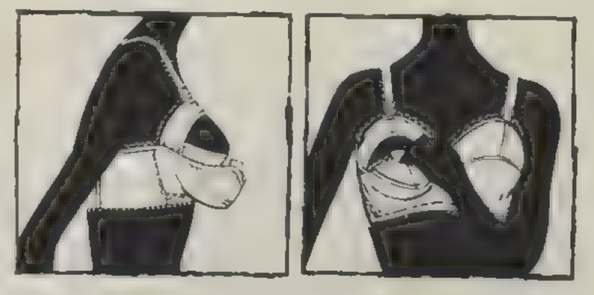
DO IT. Go to the flower stalls cut into the walls along the side of the Old Palace on Constitution Square and buy armsful of flowers. Sniff them like a bee.



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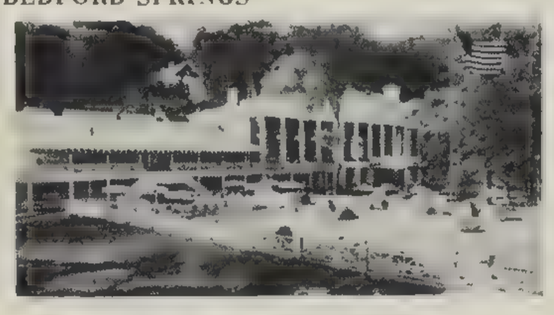
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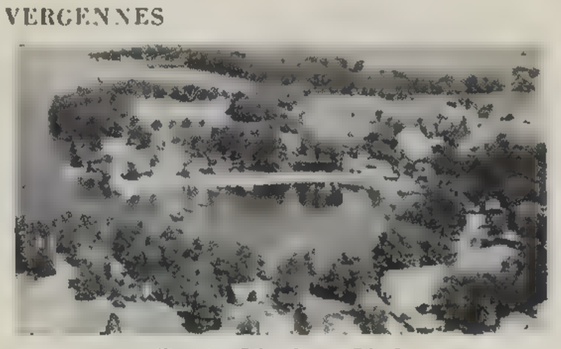
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BUY

UNITED STATES

SAVINGS BONDS

Relaxed Recipes

(Continued from page 178)

and raisins, with a jar of crystalized fruits, fresh sliced lemons, orange zest, and a good quantity of fresh orange juice. It is made with lamb tongues, which I first rub with curry powder, then brown with chopped shallots and olive oil, then stew with the fruits in Guinness or other light beer. These are all stewed together for half an hour on a low flame. Chopped eggplant, zucchini, and carrots are added. When it all begins to boil, add liquid—half chicken broth, half water—to cover.

At this point I add more curry powder to taste, continue stewing uncovered for an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent anything's sticking to the bottom. Then I add more of the same vegetables (excluding carrots), more orange juice, and cook for another 15 minutes.

I serve the curry on a rice pilaf. The vegetables added just before serving give the curry two different textures which match the sweet and sour of the sauce. The fruit supplies the sweet and the Guinness beer supplies the sour. The curry powder gives it a third, hot sensation.

Natasha

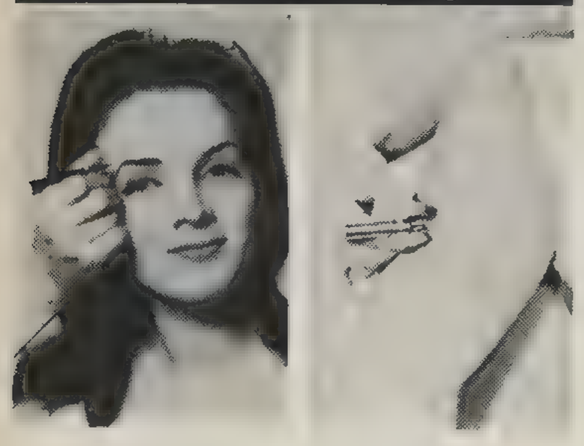
(Continued from page 179)

the end, until long after his intuitive, passional self had taken over and made the novel into a marvel of the storyteller's art.

All through the book Tolstoy's everyday self keeps on with its attempts to lecture the characters back into docile puppethood and the readers into submission to his theories. These efforts fail, since the book is so full of Tolstoy's intuitions of the colour, texture, and movement of life as to make the grey background of foolish and inept ideas that seemed so important to its author invisible. One simply forgets them as one becomes absorbed in the affairs of its multitude of characters. They take the novel over, coming out of Tolstoy's imagination like a mutinous crew fumbling up from below decks to seize a ship, and it is quite suddenly about them—about Natasha above all.



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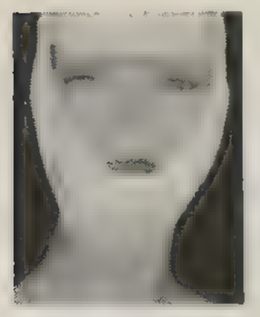
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Men

(Continued from page 140)

its zealots and martyrs, its organized underground, its battles with police. Already in the thirties there were known pockets of resistance: Bermuda, say, and the Riviera—where men wore red or yellow trousers with French sailors' jerseys right out in public. There were cells on Long Island in which the turtleneck sweater was the uniform (worn, I grant you, to go sailing and not to dinner at El Morocco). At the colleges—traditional centres of unrest—the boys had taken to wearing blue jeans, the more worn and patched the better. All straws in the wind. There was even a particularly seditious elite which was given to mud-packs, sunlamps, and a secret preparation called "Soleil du Ritz" which you put on your face at night to make you look sunburned and healthy, and washed off in the morning. So, in 1938 the dream had been born. Someday man would be free.

Well, then came World War II. It was a setback, certainly. All that beige on beige. You had to be a general to get away with nonregulation clothes.

There was one remarkable exception to this rule, however, the British Eighth Army. In the winter of 1943, I found myself in Bari, on the east coast of Italy. It was serving then as General Montgomery's headquarters. I will never forget the shock I felt when, having come from the GI drab of Tunis, I saw the permissive wardrobe of the Eighth. Monty himself liked to dress up and, away from the restraining hands of Bond Street and Savile Row, he did. His army followed him in spades: berets, feathers, gold insignia, scarfs—those scarfs, ten feet long, in every colour you can think of—pants stuffed into desert boots, those O.R.'s wore anything colourful they could buy, borrow, or liberate. They made a brave show. (I used to wonder: How you gonna keep them down on the farm, after they've seen Bari?)

Surprisingly, men's clothes after the war were conservative. It was the time of the man in the grey flannel suit—the single-breasted suit at that, the double-breasted disappeared and was never to return in its glory. (The proper making of a double-breasted suit, like stained glass, was then a lost art.) Everyone seemed contented to look like everybody else.

Oh, there were little pressures. With the growing affluence, weekends became longer and demanded their own clothes. T-shirts stopped being underwear, chinos and jeans became universal, Harry Truman licensed funny shirts, India Madras bloomed, as did those awkward Bermuda shorts, there were only faint detonations heard from the Beats, and everybody wore a version of the Eisenhower jacket. But nothing occurred to alarm the Establishment.

Until—and at first it seemed only amusing or at worst bad taste—until every young man in England suddenly decided to let his hair grow. Since long hair does not look appropriate with a tie and shirt and a three-button jacket, Carnaby Street leaped into the breach. Then a new band began to play. Lights flashed. Too late did the Establishment take alarm. Lenin was already at the Finland Station. The revolution was on. Just like that.

There was some mopping up to do, of course. Schoolmasters and employers had quickly barricaded themselves but were as quickly flushed out. Parents offered rewards for deserters but found no takers.

Immediately, the revolution was exported. Well-stocked garrisons, disarmingly called boutiques, were established everywhere from Tokyo to Houston. Paris fell without a fight. New York held out a little longer, but finally, not only bombarded from abroad but blinded by the beads and deafened by the bells of the hippies in her own backyard, surrendered. Indeed, New York appears to be something like the woman who was about to be raped: She has decided to relax and enjoy it. Men's necklaces are on sale at dime stores, if you want proof.

* * *

Now that the revolution is over, the thing that always happens has happened. The Estab-

(Continued on page 187)

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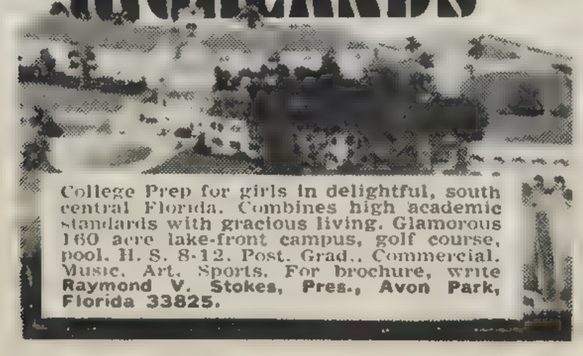
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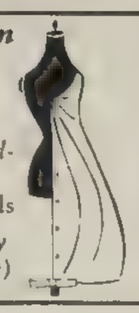
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Men

(Continued from page 184)

lishment has taken over from the troops, because there is money to be made. You won't find many of the old manufacturers that don't have the new line.

(The interesting thing about the "new" lines is that they all come from those countries which never felt the blight of drabness. Every bathrobe and dressing gown you see now has kimono sleeves. The Nehru jacket is a copy of the costume maharajas have been wearing for a hundred years, and those blouses which are braided and belted with chains are variations of blouses from old Russia, or at least the Russian Tea Room.)

One real innovation in these post-revolutionary times is the designer. Formerly a man had his suit tailored, now it is "designed." And not only his suit, but his shirt, his tie, his shoes, his socks, and his coat—the total look—the theory being, I gather, that he has no more idea than a woman as to how he should dress. I don't hold with this, naturally, but it seems to be working.

The first one of these designers, I believe, was Cardin who has made a killing with men's clothes. Some of his stuff is extremely handsome and practical, I must say; and some of it looks as if it had been designed for a chorus of plumbers in an off-Broadway musical. But, I am told, there is a reason for this: All designers make freaky junk, just as they do for women, which is aimed at photographs, publicity, talk, and is not intended to be worn.

Whether this sort of nonsense is going to work with men as men, I don't know, but it certainly will work with women. Women are powerless at the grand snob of a name, and they do a great deal of the buying for their husbands. "Look at those Cardin shoes I bought for Sam," a wife will say and Sam will beam, but whether he would have been just as happy with something from Thom McAn, I know not.

In these days, merchandising is all. No department store can hold up its head that doesn't have a boutique for Valentino or Blass or Simonetta or Hardy Amies or whomever. But these come-ons have had, I think, a salutary effect on the sort of clothes that are available for real people. (By real people, I mean men who still wear neckties.) The varieties of goods have multiplied enormously: Shirts, sweaters, shoes, slacks, and suits are light-years away from what they were only fifteen years ago. If you have any taste at all, you can turn yourself into an individual.

But back to business. Men's jewellery. If you have not seen, you have at least heard rumours of the sort of fantasies men are being asked to wear around their necks over turtle sweaters or Nehrus. The designers of these back-breakers have evidently taken their inspiration from the snow chains of automobile tires. They have twisted them and gilded them and hung them with baubles to such an extent that a Crusader would feel perfectly safe wearing one against the Infidel. For me they have many things against them—taste not the least—but principally this: If you should clasp a girl to your chest while wearing one, the poor sweet might very well get tetanus.

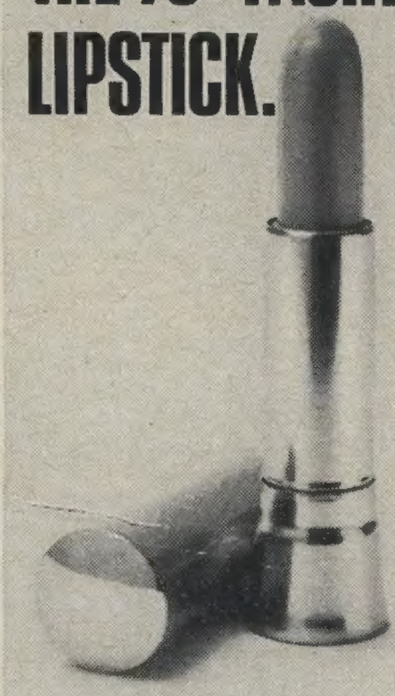
Well, there you have him, the American male that women so love. See him with his hair in his eyes, walnut juice on his unlined face, his jacket a flowered brocade, his necklace clanking, his pants much too tight, and smelling like a frangipani bush.

I wonder if maybe things have gone too far? Is liberty turning into license? Is a reaction about to set in? Could there be some elements in our society who have come to the end of their patience—seeing Richard Nixon with long hair could have done it—and have formed clandestine counter-revolutionary cells, meeting behind closed blinds in the boardrooms of Davis, Polk or Morgan Guaranty or First Boston and drawing up Plans?

I can tell you this: I saw out my window in broad daylight a pale-faced young man who was wearing a black suit, a black tie, black shoes—and a derby.

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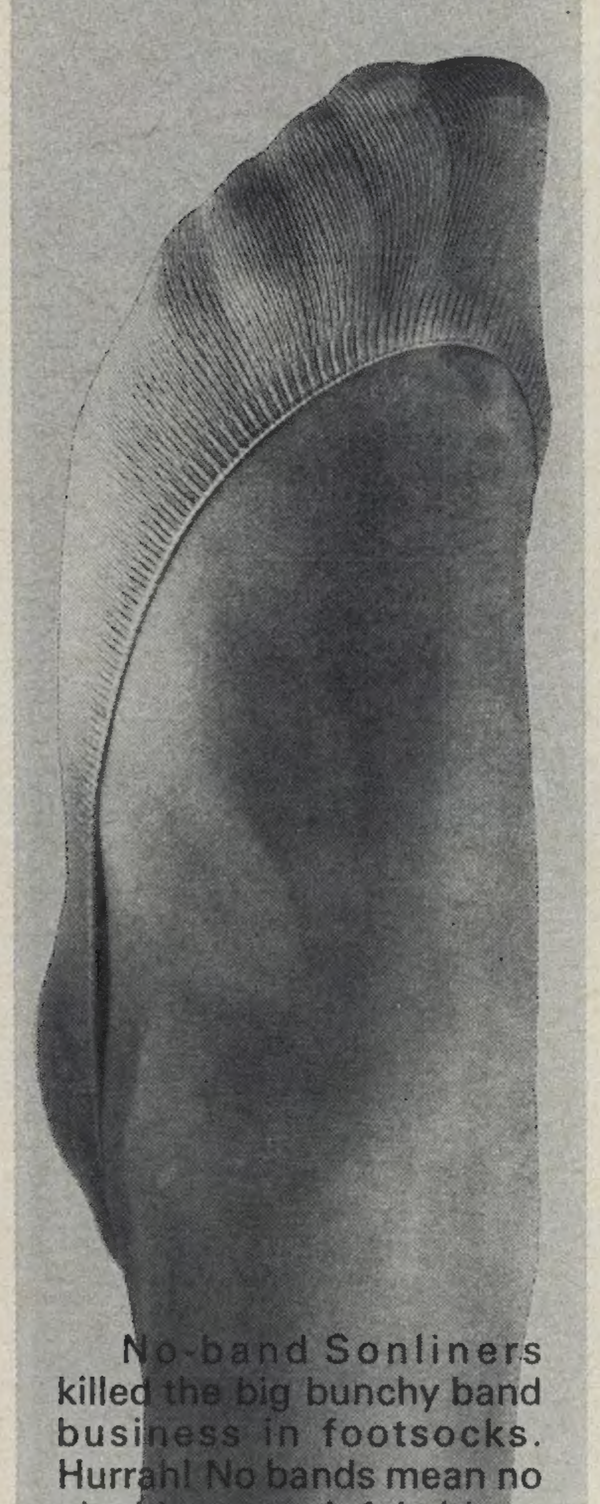
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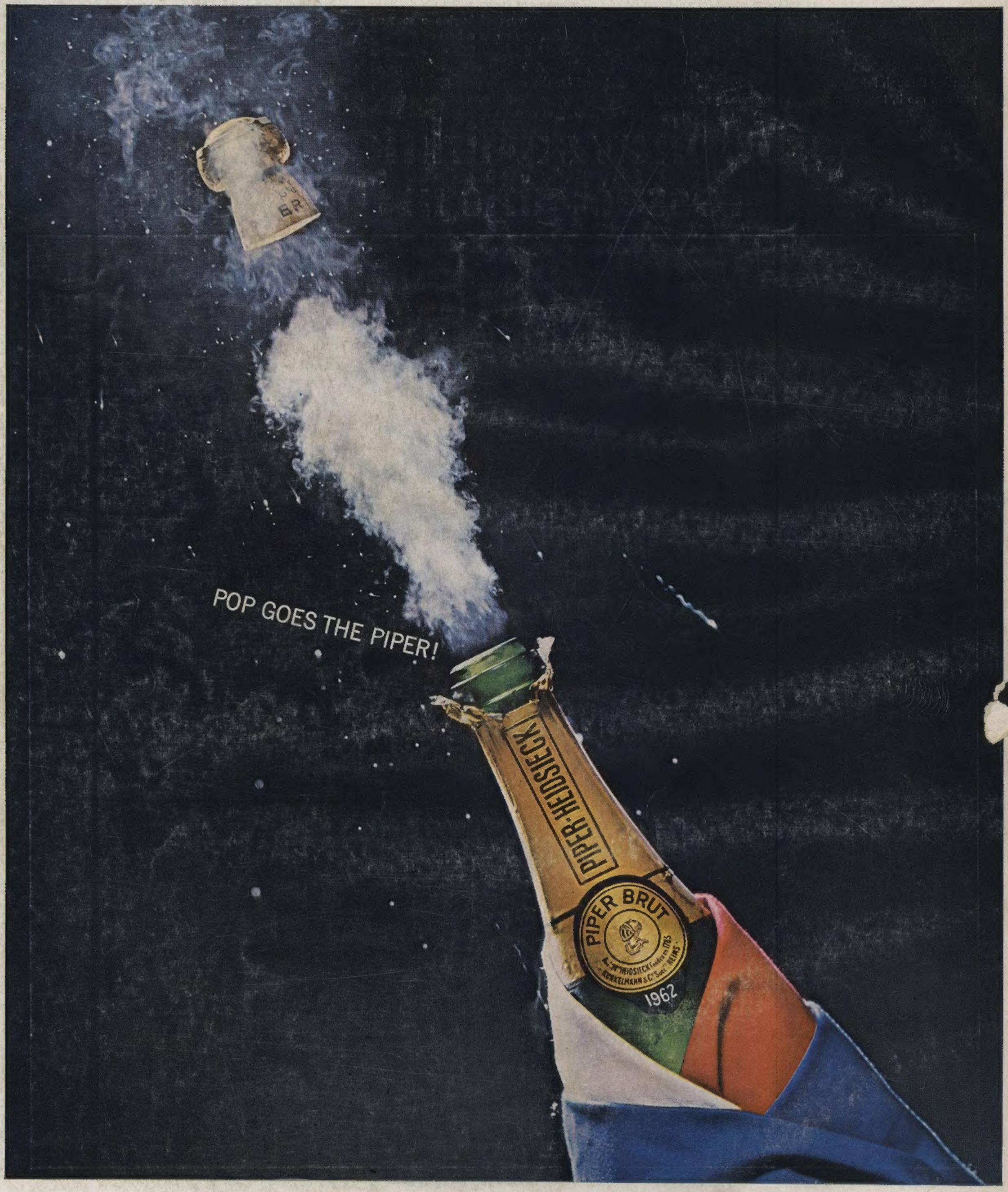
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